

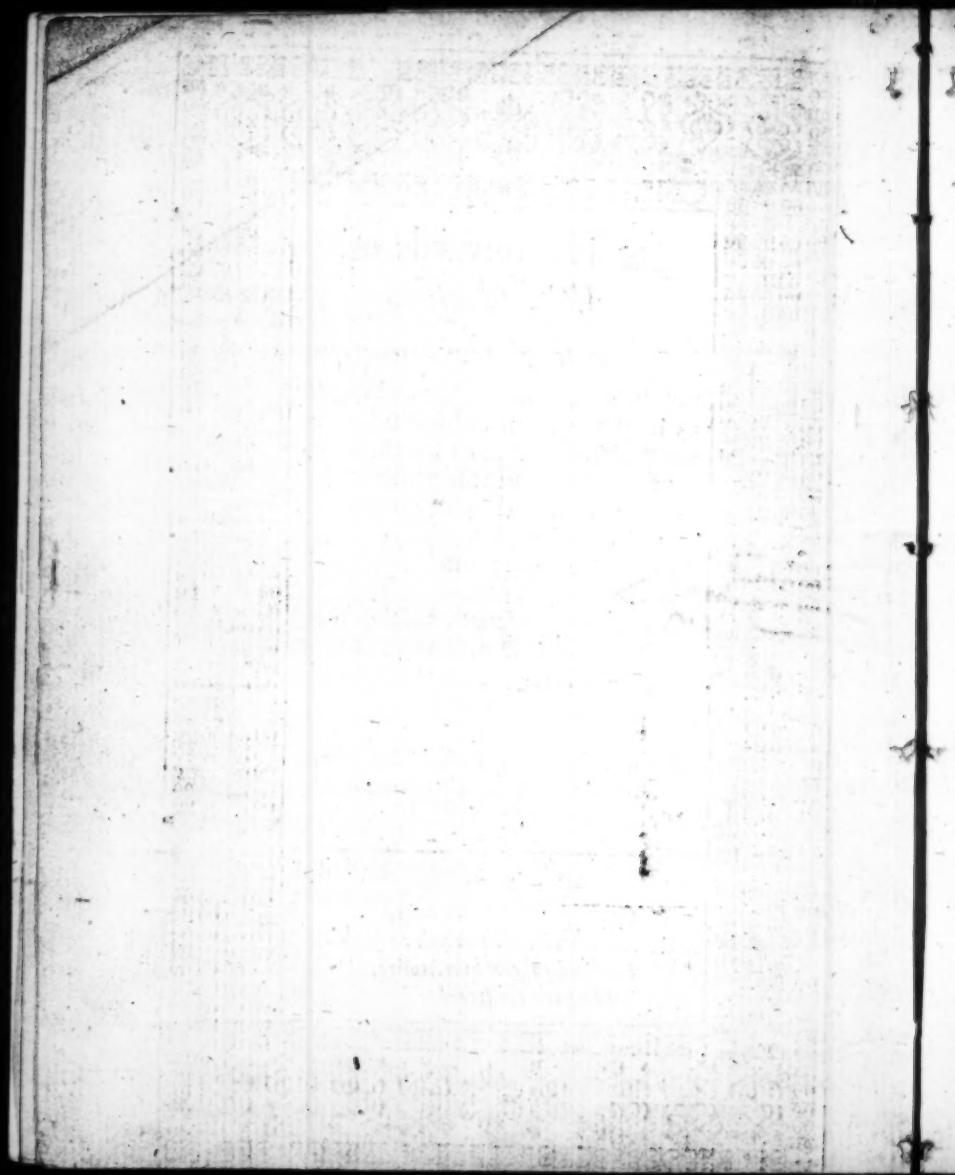
The rewarde of  
*Wickednesse*  
*Discoursing the sundrye*  
monstrous abuses of wicked and vngod-  
lye wozldelinges : in such sozt set downe  
and wrtten as the same haue beeene dys-  
uersly practisid in the persones of  
Popes, Harlots, Proude Princes,  
Tyrantes, Romish By-  
shoppes, and  
others.

With a lively description of their seve-  
rall falles and finall destruction. Verye  
p;rofitable for all sorte of estates  
to reade and looke  
vpon.

*¶ Newly compiled by Richard Robinson,  
Deuout in houesnde to the right  
Honorable Earle of  
Shroovsbury.*

A dreame most pitiful, and to be dreaded

*Of thinges that be straunge,  
VVho louest to reede :  
In this Booke let him raunge,  
His fancie to feede.*



# To the Worshipfull, Gilbert Talbore,

Esquier, Seconde Sonne to the Right Honourable Earle of  
Shroswbrie, &c. Richard Robinson. V Visheth the  
seruent feare of God, Increase of Vertue, VVorship and Ho-  
nor, vwith Good successe, and many Ioyful yeares.

(\*\*\*)



*Or as much as the litle cree-  
ping Creatures of the Earth, doe teache  
euerie reasonable person to vse some kinde  
of trade, whereby for his trauaile in the  
Sommer, hee maye in the blusfleting  
blastes of Storming Hiemps, be releueed by  
the sweate of his browes, when nothing else  
is to bee reaped vpon the soile, but onelye  
Monsterous and huge driftes of Snowe:*

VVhich is dayly put in vse by the litle *Dormous*, who in the Sommer-  
time, ceaseth not from traueyling, till shee be fully perswaded to haue  
Sufficient store in her Cabbin, to defende the hungry time of winter:  
Likewise the crawling *Ant*, toileth from the first showe of Sir *Phe-  
bus* face in the morning, till the blacke Mantelles doe obscure the bla-  
sing beames of the same: The *Squirrill* that lightlie Leapes from  
Braunce to Braunce, is euer occupied, as appeareth by the greate  
store of Nuttes, that shee heapeth togeather in Sommer time, to in-  
counter the barren season: The fearefull Flye is not forgetfull of the  
same, but carrieth his trauailes to the warme hollowe reede, wherein  
hee dwelleth hollosomely, and Bankettes merilie of his late trauailes:  
(VVhat shall I say, of the busie Bee) whose curios skill in building of  
her Lodge, and knowledge in Flowers and Hearbes, in chosing the  
Good, and leauing for the Spider the ill, neuer ceasing, but alwaies  
in trauaile, hoping in winter to rest and enioye the fruities of her tra-  
uaile: Immediately evpon the sodaine, is not onelye spoiled of this the  
fruities of her great toyle, but commonlye slaine for the lucre therof:  
(Euen so) Right VVorshipful, as I am not onely taught to abandon  
Idlenes, as wel by the holy Scriptures, as also by these creeping Creatures:  
So am I doubtful, least after my trauaile, I shall reape the harme-  
les Bees rewarde: Except, (as my trust is) your VVorship do seeme by  
your curtesie, to protect as well mee, as this litle portion of my labour:  
For mee thinkes that I heare alreadie *Ennie* whet his Teeth, whose

## THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

blade woulde long agoe, haue beeene bathed in my blood, if secrete thwacks could haue touched my guiltles Carkas: Yet notwithstanding I see the blasing brond in his fist, to fierre the great *Cannons* vpon me: for alreadie false *Report* his Trumpeter, foundeth vp his forging Trumpet of Detraction, whose honest nature is neither content with that which hee wisheth him selfe, nor yet pleased if he might haue or obtaine, that which othermen desire. Many mo friendes this chafing Champion hath, whose Cankered mindes, and proude stomackes, would not much stick to take in hand to Lift with *Atlas*: To wrastle with *Sampson*, or take the club from *Hercules*. But disdaining further to speake of *Ennie*, and his saide friendes, which hateth every man, and every man him, & them, being nothing doubtful of *Momus*, *Zoilus*, nor *Sicophants* whelpes: I am as well content to beare with their barking, as many worthy Clarkes heretofore haue done, and doe daylye. So that it maye please your VVorshippe, to take in good part this simple trauaile of mine, vvhich to eschewe Idlenes, and speciallye in such times as my turne came to serue in watche of the Scottishe Queene, I then euery night collected some part thereof, to thend that nowe it might the better appeare, that I yed not altogether to sleepe: Though one time I chaunsed among many vwatchfull nightes, to take a slumber, vvhich incited mee to compile this fiction of *Poetry*, as more largely appeareth in my *Prologue*: And though it bee a Drousie Dreaming peece of vworke, neither garnished vwith *Rhetorike*, *Eloquence*, *Curious* tearmes, nor pleasaunt matter, to purchase prayse of daintie Dames, and fantastical Knights of *Cupids* court: (As it is not painted vwith these properties) so I am assured that your vvorship doth not mislike the want thereof. And for that it was thus begunne and ended in my Lord your Fathers house: my singuler good Lord and Maister, for whome, and my good Lady my Mistres, I and al mine, dayly pray, as we are many waies bound to doe: Doe nothing mistrust, but that your vvorship will the-rather take in good part the same, not weyng the gift, but the good vwill of the gyuer. And so your vvorship doth as vwell binde me and mine, to refle yours, to our power, as also therby, my poore peece of trauaile from the spoile of *Sclander*, and the blody butcher *Ennie*, by the same, garde and keepe, for othervyaises, my saide enemies vwill not sticke to revward my paines vwith the poore harmles Bee. Thus I cease, and rest.

Yours VVorshippes poore beseecher.

Richard Robinson.

## 50 The Author to the Reader.



S Idlenesse the daughter of destruction, is to be abandoned of all men, that loue to leade the life of good and honest members of a comon vwealth: so is it as conuenient that euery man yeld account to his countrey of his Zeale and good vvl that he ought by duty to beare vnto the same, by some vertuous or Godly vvorke, for good example sake: In cōsideration vwhereof (Gentle reader) as vwell to profite my countrey (to my power) as also to eschewe Idlenesse: I haue attempted this my second vvorke vnto the place of thy indifferente iudgement, not mistrusting, but thou vvl as thankfully accept the same, as I haue vwillingly vouchsafed to bestowe my trauaile, to pleasure thy delite in reading hereof. And though it be escaped my handes, nor altogether so vwell plained and polished, as I purposed it shoulde haue beeene: Attribute I praye thee, the caufe to the busie lines, that all my Lorde my Maisters men do leade in the seruice of our Soueraigne Lady, the Queenes Maisters: Sith the protection of the Scottishe Queene vwas committed to my saide Lorde in charge, vvhose true and duefull seruice therein, to his Prince both night and daie: as vwell by the trauaile of his Honours ovne Person, as also all them that serue him: I doubt not but F A M E hath tolde it to all the Princes in E V R O P E and noble subiectes: as it vvere to bee a Mirrour to the rest, that shall serue in credite of their Prince, from age to age, no litle to the encreasing of his honour, and all his: (vvhich God maintaine). And I, being one of the simpleft of a hundredth in my Lordes house, yet notwithstanding, as the order there is, I keepe my vvatches, and vwarde, as time appioyeth it to mee: at the vvhich times, gentle reader, I col-lected this togetheer, fainting that in my sleepe M O R P H E V S tooke me to P L V T O S Kingdome in a Dreame: The vvhich deuice, I mistrust not, but thou shalt thincke vwell of: Notwithstanding I knowe that the Papists vwill gnash his teeth at me: The vvanton Dames vwill scold at mee: The Couetous vvorldinges vwill disdaine mee. The vaine glorious personnes in Authoritie, vwill enuie mee: False accusers vwill abhorre mee, traitours vwill vtterly detest this my simple vvorke. Another sorte there is, vvhiche I namde not yet: As the Cobler, and Z O I L V S: Vvhose nature is to plaie hissing H I D R A S parte, reiecting the vertuous labours of painefull persones, Lying Idle them selues like Buzzing Drones, deuouring vp the sweete trauaile of the busie Bees, but for these I passe not: Sith the most noble and famous vwriters of the vvoilde, haue not yet hitherto escaped the dint of their abhominable tongues. VVherefore I lothe the lenger to bestowve the time so ill, as to speake of their beastlie behaviour against the skilfull. Befeeching thee once againe gentle Reader, that I maie reape at thy handes, but the reward of my good vwill, vvhiche shall not onelie content my trauaile: But also binde mee another time, to present some other noueltie, more fitter to feed thy fantasie. Hoping in the meane vwhile, thou vvl in my absence stande an indifferente friend.

Thus vvhishing to thee and thine, as to my selfe and mine: I bid  
thee fare vwell. From my Chamber in Sheffield Castle.

The xix. of Maie. 1574.

¶ Thy Friende.  
R. Robinson.

# The Aucthour to the Booke.

HT woefull plaints, thy rneful face, and carefull countenaunce shos,  
To all the worlde: bee not tonguetide, reueale abroade the we  
That is among the sillie soules, in Plutos ouglie lake,  
For vwickednesse done on the Earth, howe loue doth vengeance take.  
Blushe not my booke, to thundre foorth, the tormentes thou haft seene,  
Tell vvilfull wits, and hatefull hearts, vwhat iust deserved teene:  
In Plutos perte they shall abide, that headlong plunge in sinne,  
Bee not abashie to tell the best, what plagues be there within.  
And whome thou sawe in sincke of sorrow, bewaile and soile in griefe,  
VVhy and vwherefore, for whome, and what, they bide in this mischiefe.  
And vwhy thou mournest, tell the cause, and vwherefore thou art sad,  
No doubt thy teares, and traunale both, may thousands make full glad,  
Except the Cobler gin to carpe, that alwaies loues to cauelli.  
Or seit of Sicophants stir up, (Zoilus) that drunken knave.  
To stamp and scorne against thy talkes, that thou art chargde vwithall,  
For to rewarde thy sugerid gift, vwith bitter stinkyn gall.  
(But if they doe) no force, no harme, their vronted vife is knownen,  
The difference both of them, (and thee) Report hath iustly blowen.  
And doubt not but the learned, loue thy company to haue,  
And hissing Hidras veninde flinge, shall daylyse from thee fau.  
And vwhen the skelfull heades shall scan, the tale that thou must tell,  
I charge thee, pardon crane of them, it doth become thee vwell.  
And if they doe demaunde, from vvhence thou came, or what's thy name,  
The Iust reward of wickednesse, my Lords? am the same,  
(Saye thou) vwhich came from Plutos Pit, whom Morpheus led with him,  
In drowsie Dreame, to see the soules, Rewarded there for sinne.  
VV hich sightes, so rare and seldom seene, as in my dreame I see,  
Good Lords, and Ladys, vwith the rest, shall straignt reuealed bee,  
And doing dutie, thus no doubt, but thou shalt bee imbraste,  
Of suche as doe of honour, or of vertuous learning taste.

FINIS.

Quoth Richard  
Robinson.

## The Booke to the Aucthour.

ND must I needs be packing hence, about such newes to bear,  
VVwhich shalbe to the most, these daies, an inward griefe to heare?  
VVhy knowst thou not, that worldlings wish, to dwel on earth for aie,  
And may not bide, but them abhorre, which saye they must awaies?  
Howe shall I scape the cruell Judge, that is corrupt with golde,  
Or craftie Cartes and Muckscraps now, that al from poore men hold?  
The Tyrant he will whet his blade, the proude will present pisse,  
The wanton Dames will shoule at mee, the Roister strange wil lauffe.  
Piers Pickthanche and Tom teltale, will devise a thousand waies,  
*Tibbe Tisnilly*, that lowring Lasse, some yll on mee wil raise.  
VVboremongers, they and al their mates, I doubt wil stome me straight,  
Flatterers, Filchers, and Scanderers both, I looke but when they fight.  
R<sub>e</sub>nt Rackers, that doe fleece the poore, and Baillifes false vntrue,  
VVith bragging Officers forgetting God, that Conscience bid adue.  
*Murder, T'reason, T'heft and Guile*, maye not abide my face,  
The greatest number at these daies, will hurt mee in eache place,  
And lustie Youth, starke stamping mad, wil be to heare these newes.  
VVherefore I greue these Dreames to tel, ifte were in me to choose,  
Thinkest thou theyle credite Dreames these daies, that Christ wil scarce  
No, no, I doubt it ouermuch; then blame not mee to greeue. (beleeues  
But had thou pende some pleasant songes, of *Venus* smiling boye,  
I not mistrust but almost all, would clappe their handes for Ioye.  
Or any thing, but that which doth, reprooue mens filthy vice,  
No doubt among the inost, it would haue beene of greatest Pricke.  
But spedde, as spedde maye, abroade I will attempte in haste,  
Eyther of thankes, or else rebukes, the tone or tother taste.  
The vertuous sorte I not mistrust, the wicked here I warne,  
The wise in christ, wil thanke me much, the foole wil laugh me scorne.  
And now the paines & plagues below, where *Charon* rowes the barge,  
*As Thantbour* hath commaunded mee, I shall declare at large.  
And if I chaunce to speake amisse, thy pardon here I craue,  
Repentaunce at the funners hande, Is all Christ seekes to haue.

FINIS.

# Richard Smith in praise of the Author.

**Y**E Muses all of Thefpyas, with sacred Songes that sing, (bring.  
Nowt staic your steppes geue care a while, and barkē what newes I  
Your Sonne that lately did indite with sacred siluer quill,  
In Forest here is fled awaye, unto Pernassus hill.

**V**V bere bee among the Muses there, and Ladies of great Fame,  
Contrites the time both daye and night, in seruice of the same.  
Beholding of these Goddesse face, with bewtie shining bright:  
Like to Diana with her traine, Resplendishing by nighs.

**A**mbrosia is his foode, sweete Nectar is his drinke,  
**V**V hat pleasures are not reaped there, that mortall heart can think?  
I doe him deeme in deede, to bee sir Orpheus Fere,  
**U**Ubo made the stones to understande, and senceler Trees to heare.  
The savage Beastes of sundrye kinde, came thrussting in a throng,  
And went out of the vnsome woodes, to heare his sacred song.  
Suche grace the Muses geue to some, for to delight the eare,  
And to allire the mortall mindes, enchaunted as it were.

**A** Diamondde for daintie Damer: For Peeres a precious Pearle,  
This Robinson the Rubi red, a Jewell for an Earle.  
Suche Pearle can not bee bought  $\neq$  knowe, for all the Golde in Cheape,  
The graces heare haue powrd their giftes togethaer on an heape.  
Suche giftes can not bee graft no doubt, vrithout some power deuine:  
Suche cunning hyd in one mans head, as Robinson in thine.  
If I might vewe thy pleasant Poemes, and Sonettes that excell,  
Then shoulde I not thirst for the floodes of Aganippes vrell.  
Thou profered prise at Olimpias, and gorte the chiefeſt game,  
And through the schoole of cunning skil, hast scalde the houſe of Fame.  
**V**V here shou on stage alone, doſt ſtande Triumphantlye,  
Abou thy head a Garlande gaye, of Iuel Laurel Tree.

**V**V hich that theſe Noble Nymphes thought good for blaſing theyr re-  
In token of this learned Lore, adorned vrith that Crowne. (novim)  
If  $\neq$  ſhould penne this praise, as thou doest vrell deſerue.  
It vvere a volume for to make, and time it vwould not ſerue.  
For vhat needes vwater to bee brought, to powre into the Seas,  
Or vwhy doe  $\neq$  vrith Penne contend about this Robins praise?

**V**V home trumpe of truthe hath blowen abroade that hilles and Dales re-  
**V**Uith Eccoſ from the earth below, up to the ſkie reboundes. (ſoundes,

FINIS.

Quoth Richard

## The Prologue.



N December when daies be short and colde,  
And irkesome nights amid the storms gan rore,  
That flockes from feeldes forsake their folde,  
And Birdes from swelling floodes do shrinke to shore,  
The plowgh doth rest that cut the soyle of yore.

And toyling Oxe in cabin close doth stande,  
That wonted was to trauayle painfull lande.

And when the hawtie hilles and ragged rockes,  
In mantels white be clothed rounde aboue :  
VVhen foules and beastes, as well by heardes as flockes,  
Seekes smoking springes, hote thirst to dowte,  
VVhose flames doth force the frosen banckes throughout,  
To yelde their flintish ribbes, to gushing floods of raine,  
And locked streames at large to set againe :

VVhen euerie Tree the ardent coulors lost,  
And braue depainted lookes of fragrant smelles,  
VVhen bragging *Boreas* thus the soyle had tost,  
That Hart and Hinde did quake in fieldes and felles,  
VVith Bull and Beare for colde both cries and yelles.  
And shrowling makes echo thing that life doth beare,  
To stande with shaking limmes, the stormes to heare,

On eyther side the hilles when blastes doe rise,  
As sharpe as thornes the naked skinne doth hit,  
And *Saturne* to the earth doth shewe his frosene eyes,  
VVhose wrath doth pinch eache creature to the quicke,  
VVhich oft doth cause both young and olde fall sicke,  
VVith cough, and colde, and stopping rheumes also,  
Quotidians, feuers, diseases many mo:

And when *Eolus* his prison had vnlocken,  
And all the retchelle route let runne at large:

B

And

## The Prologue.

VVhose rushing rage eache pleasant bratch hath broken  
VVhereof before Dame *Flora* had the charge,

On *Tiber* stirreth neyther boate nor Barge.

*Trytan* scoundes his trunip, and *Nepiune* gins to frowne,  
The sayler strikes from mast the sayles a downe.

VVhen young and olde their bones with cloth doe loade,  
And hoodes vnto their heade doe buckle fast :

And when the Boye doth rest that bare the goade,  
And keepes the chimneyes ende til *Hyemps* stormis be past,  
VVhen men doe doubt their winter stuffe to last,

And carefull cattell with open Iawe doth craue,  
Their keepers meate their carkas for to saue.

VVhen men delight to keepe the fire side,

And winter tales incline their cares to heare,

VVhen mery mates be met, that will abide,

Eache filleis his pot of Nutbrowne Ale or Bere,

As is the trade of Ale knightes every where,

To tossle the pottes and plye the flitting boules,

Then pay their pence, and packe with dronken noules.

In this season it was my lotte to fall,

Among a masque chosen for the nence,

Some reerde, some fell, some helde them by the wall,

Some sang, some chid, and sware goggis precious bones,

(Quoth one to me) friende camst thou from saint *Jones*?

what penaunce hast thou done, thou art so leane & pale?

No force (quoth another) he shall fyll his pot of Ale.

Content (quoth I) and thereto I agree,

Fyll pot Hostice of Pery, Ale, or Bere :

My heade it recreated after studie,

To shut foorth the time, though rusticall they were,

Thus walkt the Kanikin both here and therer,

Till the wife cryed to bed for sauing of hit fire,

Contented (quoth I) for that was my desire.

## The Prologue.

The shot was gathered, and the fyre rakte vp,  
Eache man to his lodgynge began for to draw:  
Some slackering stumbled as mad as a Tup,  
Some crept vnder the mattresse into the strawe,  
Another sort began to pleade the comynge lawe, v.  
I lookt about and sawe them so dight,  
Put out the candle and bid them goodnight.

My drowzie heart thus being at his rest,  
Tooke no care for the colde, all sorrowes were past:  
So late it had beene at the good Ale feast,  
That the wortde for euer I thought woulde last,  
In mine eare thunders no sounde of winters blast,  
I thought none yll, my heade was layde full fast,  
All carke and care my wandring sprite had last.

Not lying thus one houre by the clocke,  
Me thought the chamber shone with Torches bright,  
And in the haste at doore I hearde one knocke,  
(And sayde what) Slugge, why sleepest all the night?  
I starting vp behelde one in my sight,  
Dasht all in golden raiers before me did appeare,  
(And sayde) I am a God, beholde that standeth here.

Mine eares were filde, with noyse of Trumpets sounde,  
And dazzled were mine eies, my sence was almost gon,  
But yet amazde my knee vaylde to the grounde,  
And sayde heare Lorde, thy will and mine be one,  
VWhat is thy minde, more redie there is none.

To ride to runne, to trauell here and there,  
By lande and seashalfe worthie if I were.

But first to know thy name I humbly thee beseeche,  
Forgiue my rudenesse this of thee to crase,  
Heauenswering sayd, with mceke and lowlie speeche,  
Morpheus is my name, that alwaies power haue,  
Dreames to shewe in Countreis, Countreis or Caue.

## The Prologue.

In the heauens aboue, or *Plutoes* kingdome loe,  
It is I that haue the power each thing t' unsorde and shoo.

And knowe (quoth he) that euerie night and daye,  
VVho shutteth vp his eyes, his heade to feede with sleepe,  
His wandering spirite attendes on me alwaye,  
To trudge and trauell, where I shall thinke it meete,  
As well to mounte the skyes, as in the secrets deepe,  
As swifte as thought, what God hath greater poure,  
Then all that is or was, to shewe thee in an houre ?

And whether wile I goe, Lorde *Morpheus* (quoth I)  
I here am prest thy will for to obey.  
VVith an earnest lookes (quoth hee) I will that by and by,  
To *Plutoes* kingdome with mee thou take thy waye,  
Though frayde I were, I durst not well say naye.  
VVith him I went that irkesome place to see,  
VVhere wofull sprites full sore tormented bee.

And going by the way these wordes he sayde,  
Be of good cheare, me thinkes thou lookest pale,  
Plucke vp thy hearte and be no deale afrayde,  
Although thou goe into this ouglie vale,  
And thus or he had fynisht halfe his tale,  
*Cerberus* barckt that griselie hounde of hell,  
The earth did quake to heare him houle and yell.

VVhen *Morpheus* hearde this cruell barcking *Curre*,  
For *Mercuries* rodde he sende with all the hast,  
This wondering potter charinde he might not slurre,  
Till hee and I throughout his offyce past,  
So to the seconde warde wee came at last.

VVhere *VVras* kept the walles, and *Enies* the gates,  
Associate with *Pride* and *vvhoredome* their mates.

VVith cruell countinaunce terrible to see,  
These horrible officers fixed their eyes,

## The Prologue.

Filthie to beholde monstrous and ouglie,  
They gathered to the gates like swarmes of Bees,  
Gnashing their teeth, askeing who were these,  
That durst be so bolde *Plutos* kingdome to enter,  
Or within their office so ruelic to venter.

I am *Morpheus* (quoth hee) mine auctoritie you knowe,  
As well in the heauens as also here,  
My nature and qualitie is dreames for to shewe,  
Therefore giue place, and let me come neare.  
These wordes scarce saide, but the gates opened were.

So to the thirde warde we came by and by,  
Not far from that place where great *Pluto* did lye.

The warde as I saide where *Pluto* then lay,  
VVas fortfied with Tirauntes for the nonce,  
Some crying, sware yea, and other some nay,  
Renting eche others flesh from the bones,  
Some flang fierbrandes, and other some flang stoanes.  
VVith howling and crying terrible to heare,  
VVhat plague could be thought that was not presēt there?

The chiefe Captaines of all this rablous route,  
VVere *Oppression* of the poore and eake *Privaie gaine*,  
VVith a sorte of their kinne that looked full stoute,  
That in that vale for euer must remaine.  
There was *Peter Puckerbankes* and *Prinie dysdaine*,  
*Tom Teltale* was appointed in a Turret to watche,  
*Laurence Lurcher* a Bayliffe to snatche and to catche.

The greate-  
test vices  
on earth be  
chiefe Cap-  
taines in  
Hell.

There was *Darkenesse* and *Ignoraunce* linckt in a chaine,  
VVith *Errorre* and *Frecvvill*, *Arrogance*, and *Selfelooue*,  
*Forgetfulnesse* of God, and *Transgression* did remaine,  
VVith *Mistrust* and *Supersticion*, which might not remoue  
*Hypocrise* the King in a turret aboue.

Let vs ab-  
horre these  
vices and  
euill  
crimes.

VVith *Lucre*, *Cruelnesse*, and *Bludsbed* his brother,  
*Domination*, and *Fulnesse*, *Abundance*, and other,

## The Prologue.

Pompe he sat puffing as though he were madde,  
Symony vnder hande began to conuaye,  
Iniquitie and Sophistrie, with countenaunce full fadde,  
Sat with *Murther*, and *Tyranny* cursing the daye,  
Certainelie to see it was a tragicall playe,

To beholde abomination, what torments she had,  
(with the rest) whereat *Confusion* was glad,

Many thousandes there were that I omit,  
For want of time fullie to describe,  
To tell truth the number passeth skill and wit,  
To be name of mee, that howled there and cryde.  
VVhen these lothsome leyds, had *Morpheus* elpyde,  
They flew on heapes to know from whence he came,  
VVho aunswere thus I am a God no man.

And whats thy name (quoth they) *Morpheus* aunswere he  
VVhome *Pluto* doth admire, and honor both I trowe,  
And *Proserpine* your Queenē, mightie though they bee,  
And *Mynos* your Iudge will doe the same I knowe.  
I am the God that alwayes dreames doth show.

I am free this waye to guide and leade cache man,  
without demaunde to knowe from whence I came,

Then vp start *Peter Pickethanke* by and by,  
These newes to *Pluto* in haste he ran to tell,  
And almost madde, with open lawes gan crye,  
My Lorde (quoth hee) thers straungers come to hell,  
VVhat else (quoth *Pluto*) is not all things well?  
Yea Sir (quoth hee) its *Morpheus* that is here,  
Then *Pluto* aunswere, why bidst him not come in?

The thirde warde opened then at large,  
The Pallace then approching in our sight,  
VWhere raging furies of wofull soules had charge,  
To torment thousande wayes, both daye and nigh,  
Miserable darckenesse there was without light.

*Confusion*  
doth be:  
your wits  
kednesse.

Grasins.

## The Prologue.

Grasping and groping, greate discorde and strife,  
VVeeping and wayling, and blasphemous life.

The stinking smoke that from that donegeon rose,  
Corrupts the skyes, and clowdeth all with shade,  
The thundering blast that from that furnesle blosse,  
A dubble paine, the fillie sprites hath made,  
VVith rufull plaintes to heare in euerie glade.

That if the sorrowes halfe were pende I see,  
In teares there woulde be drowned manie an eye.

But when we came this ouglie God before,  
Hayle (quoth *Morpheus*) thou God of darckenesse great,  
Hayle *Proserpina* here Queene for euermore,  
Long may thou holde thy place and seate,  
I am come (quoth hee) my custome for to pleate,  
Thou knowest of olde that woont I am to see,  
As well thy kingdome, as mightie *Soues* on hie.

By *Styx* (quoth hee) thy auncient custome olde,  
I will not breake, but as thou hast before,  
In all my regiment, I will thou shalt be bolde,  
To doe all thinges as thou wilst woont of yore,  
But looke of mee thou seeme to craue no more.

Except you two, who is my gates within,  
To pray for pardon it profytes not a pin.

Then aunswered *Morpheus* I neuer thought to craue,  
The pardon of the proudest that in thy soyle doth rest,  
Nor yet the greedie Tyrant toombde in grieslie graue,  
Nor any such that pooremen hath opprest,  
For grevfull gluttons to speake I thought it least.

All these with other mo, I know must staye with thee,  
Howe wickednesse rewarded is that's all I wish to see.

Content (quoth *Pluto*) and commaundment he gaue,  
To all his offycers his kingdome through,

That

## The Prologue.

That *Morpheus* and I shoulde licence then haue,  
Eache place for to searche in Hill, Dale, and Clowgh,  
In thicke or in thin, in smooth or in rough,  
In hote or in colde where euer it bee,  
The wickeds rewarde we shoulde both heare and see.

This saide, we departed from that filthie puddle,  
And foorth wee past, the left side that caue,  
VVhere wee founde a greater and crueller trouble,  
Then all this while I knewe any to haue,  
For one among manie we hearde raire and rauie.  
VVith a wofull voice me thought it saide this,  
Come see alas the rewarde of wickednesse.

At length to the place we chaunst for to hit,  
VVhere *Aleto* had charge to rule and dispose,  
There we behelde one lying in a pit,  
Sodden in sorrowes from the toppe to the toes.  
Their paines for to painte in meeter or prose ,  
Doth passe my fkill, the least to describe,  
Though *Tessiphon* hir selfe my pen now shoulde guide.

But what I sawe in this my drowsie dreames,  
And who they were as now to minde I call,  
VVhy and wherefore to you I shall proclaine,  
Thatthus they lost the ioyes supernall,  
And haue possest the wofull place infernal.  
Lende me your eares for now my tale beginnes,  
How wicked wightes rewarded be for finnes.

*FINIS.*



## ¶ The rewarde of wickednesse.

**H**ELLEN tormented for her treason to her huf-  
bande, and liuing in fornication ten yeares,  
whose wordes followe.

  
¶ **F**oulest fuary, that raging hel doeth gyde,  
¶ **D**ivozle the wrath, or endlesse wicked life:  
¶ **D**swarming plages, þ passeth flesh to bide,  
¶ **D**oubtful dome of Plutos boiling strife.  
¶ **Q** **D** Stigion spew thy flames, to end this life.  
¶ **D** just rewarde I saye, of wicked dedes:  
¶ **D** greatest mischiefe, among these pudles ryse,  
¶ **D** come make haste, you flames of glowing glydes.

**Y**ou Gods that sit in seates of passing blisse,  
whose Joyes my endles paines, surmounteth farre:  
¶ **D**o you consent so to rewarde me this,  
that whylome was in Grece, the Lampe, and Starre.  
What meant you first to make and then to marre?  
I am the woxke of all your whole consents:  
¶ **N**o brute nor faire, of Earthlye woman harre,  
Who woxth my late, full soze it me repents.

**D** worshye Dames, lende me your listning eares,  
refraine your Citherons, and pleasaunt Lutes also:  
With Virginals, delighted many yeares,  
from out your hearts, let thought of Musick goe.  
Perhaps you daine, that I shall will you so,  
but maruaile not, ne at my wordes take scorne:  
It is your partes though you were ten times moe,  
To helpe my plainte, with teares that I was borne.

Caste of your Golden rayes, and Ritche attye,  
put on the mourners medes, seeme to lament:  
Byde your painted faces, that settis mens hearts on fire  
learne this of me, your bewtie sone is spent.

## The rewarde

You may by me your wicked lines lament,  
from spowting Conduits let gush the flosds of teares :  
Let scalding sighes from bryyled heartes be sent,  
your iust rewarde for wickednesse appears.

Although it doth abase eche daintie dame,  
to reade of me, or yet to heare me read :  
I am the marke for you to shun like shame,  
disoaine menot though high you beare your head.  
You that of husbandes all this whille be sped ,  
be true to them in all your conuersation:  
Beware take heed, desile no time their bed,  
among the gods it is abomination.

Virtue is I was in bewtie passing all the rest,  
the beautie and so by nature as curios made and wrought:  
of man or That if in me there had been grace possell,  
woman. to match the gods I might haue well been thought.  
But vertue is the bewtie, Ladies all,  
and not your painted faces and shining bleſſe,  
No greater mischefe carriamong you fall,  
then for to seebe your ficle prophane eye.

For once I had my selfe such prophane looks,  
twirld out with eyes that were celeſtiall like :  
Whose ſparkling twinche was sharper then the hokes,  
caſt in the ſtreame with baite for fishē to bite.  
A thing immortall ſeimed I to be,  
but yet corrupt with maners that were naught,  
As painted Tombes, with bones be inwarde filthy:  
so outwarde I, but inwarde vices wrought.

And to her ſelfe bewayling thus alasse,  
in either hande an Dxe, ſhe laboureth ſoſe :  
At length ſhe was elſpied where I and Morpheus was,  
then caſled ſhe vs that ſtoode byon the hille.

Come

## of wickednesse.

Come neare god Morpheus, straight she gan to rose,  
thou seest my paines, thou knowest not yet my name:  
In Stigion lake I bide soz evermoze,  
the wife of Menellaus I am the very same.

And Hellen loe I am that here abide,  
within this ryuen Boate, ~~in~~ conde as you see:  
As iust rewarde for fleshliſt and pride,  
which scapeth not, but here rewarded be,  
Many a worthy wight lost his life soz me,  
and dyed all berayed and slozryed am in blod:  
Therefore I pray the yet come neare and see,  
the tormentes I abide within this hellishe flood.

Alas uneth my hande can holde the pen,  
my sight devoured is with greuous teares:  
When I but thinke bothe that I salwe her then,  
that once did leade the cryn of Venus peares.  
No honest hart but it would reue her gate,  
that hearde and saw as much as we that tyde:  
But alas to graue it is to late,  
the gods determine that she shall there abide.

Amid a sea that boyleth fierie floods,  
with mixid blod slypes vp and downe the Skies:  
Where lyming rockes with hautie dreadfull muds,  
on every syde appeared in the eyds.  
About the which moſte venomous serpentes slypes,  
huge strozming blastes this wicked stremme doth mone:  
Whot sparkes of gledes rise vp like swarines of Exes,  
and suries sell their wicked partes doth proue,

A descripti-  
on of the  
place where  
he roveth  
in a ryuen  
Boate in  
Stigion.

Soz in a Boate berent on every syde,  
(and as I sayde ~~the~~ lits, in every hande an Ore:  
And strineth stylly betwene the winde and Lyve,  
now hayling from the Rockes, and by & by from shore.

## The rewardes

The choyse is harde, when this refuge is best,  
to toyle amid these flaming fluddes as ther:  
Dels tarine amid the Serpents nest,  
soz on the lande with blades the Tyrants bee.

Which rounde about this plague Stigion pit,  
in battaile raye and armour blacke doeth stande:  
Cutthrotes, as egar as any fylle of bite,  
that alwayes watche to see her come to lande.  
Cache Butcher holdes a mortall Arc in hande,  
soz to reuenge the blod ther caused shed:  
The whiche soz trueth, when as I wrothe and scande,  
With heapes of woe, to Morpheus thus I saide.

The Gods Alas (quoth I) this grætes me most of all,  
hau no to see her fate, whose bewtye clarke commende:  
respekte of Me thinke the Gods that sit in seates supernall,  
perlons. some mercye shoulde at length and pitye sende.  
No one (quoth Morpheus) who seemeth to offendre,  
according to theyz dædes without respect:  
Hau here rewarde soz wickednes in t'ende,  
as pleaseth Pluto, oz whom he hath elect.

The one And as these wordes were sayde we hearde her crye,  
soznator, (D Pares, Pares) soz euermore wo bet the time:  
destroyeth Thy saigning face, it was my chaunce to syppre,  
the other oz that it was thy lcke to loke on mine.  
experience telleth. Thou steynde my name, alas so did I thine,  
my mischiefe hit by the, by me the lyke thou had:  
Thou steynde my name, alas so did I thine,  
my mischiefe hit by the, by me the lyke thou had:  
D wicked Hellen, this all men maye define,  
and Pares soz thy part, thy soz tune was as bad.

What mis- D woxthye Troye, happye had thou binne,  
chiefe doth if sleepie Nurse had strangled me in bed:  
not a wic- Then bloddye mischiefe had scaped all my kinne,  
ked woman and noble Hector had never lost his head.

## of wickednesse.

Wamp a worthy man had liude, that now is dead,

Troy had flosiht still, whose walles are factfull lee:  
Menelaus had never yet polluted bead,  
and if the Gods my death had pointed so.

All Grece vnto this daye, doeth curse the tyme,  
with many a famous Prince of noble byrth:  
So Pares, thou art likewise curst of thine,  
for thou and I were troublous to the earth.  
Alas therefore, nowe chaunged is our mirth,  
the blodshed in our cause doeth vengeaon to crye:  
Therefore take heede you Damas of mighty birth,  
to thende of all beginninges, euer cast your eye,

In yll bar-  
goine wher  
no man  
winnes. &c.

It is an  
old prouerb  
take heede  
is a fayre  
thing.

For, had I never painted vp my face,  
nor shot the boultes of wanton whirling eyes:  
Had grace and vertue dwelled in that place,  
then had I sauied all the liues of these,  
For when a man the liues of women sees,  
he lyeth at wachte, to se her caste the darte:  
Hit whome it hapys, (he is no man that sees,)  
then blame him not, that doeth defend his part.

For thou alas god Pares not to blame,  
(nor none but I) that cast my secrete looks:  
So sleightfullye, to tylfe thew with the same,  
before the Gods I wishe none other bookes.  
I caste him sugred baites, I catche on bitter hookes,  
or els the suite had Pares never take:  
I layde him letters, in secrete holes and noukes,  
for to attempte the venture for my sake.

Olde plea-  
sures brede  
newe for-  
tunes.

And what was he that would not take in hande,  
to hassarde all, at that tyme for my sake:  
To these matche on earth, did never goe nor stande,  
then blame him not such enterprise to make.

Wickednes  
desirach  
it selfe.

## The rewarde

¶ Ladies be wittie, and quietnesse make,  
and dread the gods you woorthy Grecion dames :  
For here she lies within this flaming lake,  
bewzaft in wo, to quite my youthfull games.

My Pagen though I played in open sight,  
and that the woilde did manifestly knoe :  
I woulde not wylle that you by secrete night,  
or closer craft shoulde use your husbandes soe.  
The gods aboue all sleightie secretees shooe,  
to every care and eye, be straight reuaylde :  
You heare it read in Scripture long agoe,  
that naughtie actes were never yet consaylde.

A sinne  
is a shame  
before the  
gods and  
men also.

And then when fame hath sounded by hir trumps,  
and pouished all your dædes and filthye life :  
Then shall confusion put you to your Jumps,  
your husbande shall disdaine to call you wife,  
Your friendes shall blush to heare you named,  
your soes reioyce in every coaste about :  
To call you mothers, children are ashame,  
to this besure, it ever falleth out.

And fynally the Gods from ioye and blisse,  
Shall Calle you into Stigion lake to frye :  
As pleaseth Pluto so your Howrowes is,  
marke well my woordes, I do aledge no lye.  
And then it is to late soz to repent or crie,  
your iufulle herikes reioyse hell to heare :  
(as soz my parte) unhappy wretche I trye,  
whose iulse rewarde thou seest playne appeare.

Marke you When so wylle thought of treason to your mates,  
woorthie shall pricke your ticle minds as some it doth :  
Matrons Pet let this one thing perse your paunishe pates,  
the counsel that like the slippie yle so glideth from ye youth.  
of wofall Hellen.

And

## of wickednesse.

And sith there is nothing of greater truelth,  
through lewdnesse lose not then your noble names:  
We most assured mischefe streight insueth,  
alas therfore, take haide you wo;thie dames,

And scorne no deale, my rewfull plaintes to heare,  
if hap be on your sides, I may such warning be:  
To every one that is possesst with feare,  
that by my sake lyke daunger so to flee.  
Therfore as oft as folly sedes your eie,  
spend time in reading bookes, that wo;thie Clarks haue  
In stede of Lutes and other harmonie, (pend:  
your willing eares a while to learning lende.

So Cupid and his Love you shall forget,  
with all such dvises as he and his bo;vine : The ver-  
tuous and  
godlye  
vices be  
mynde  
among the  
gods so;  
ever.  
Of slauder and reproche you shall escape the net,  
and fame with golden trumpe shal sound your vertuous  
Thus winning noble name, your liues shal end, (lue. among the  
so vertuously that after vital breathe :  
The Gods their Angels so; your spirtes shall send,  
to dwell with them in blisse, thus Scripture saith.

And with these wordes cast almost on the sho;ze,  
the wofull wretche with toyled wearie bones :  
With all the haste in fwo doth laye the Dye,  
that headlong Boate and all, doth flee attonce.  
Where hissing Serpentes swarne as thicke as haile,  
that likewise wayted in their subtle kinde :  
With whetted stinges this Lady to assaile,  
so; to rewarde her lothsome lustfull minde.

And as we did perceiue she wist that we,  
to every wo;thy weight report shoude make:  
Hewe soznicatours in hell rewarded bee,  
and hewe the Gods bypon them vengeance take.

## The rewardē

For straight alas amid that ouglie lake,  
her hande shē putteſh vp, and bad farewell:  
Thus endles paines her ſormer talkē can ſlake,  
more newes of her, I am not able tell.

For why, the hiffing of the wicked wormes,  
with ſome of ſurging lakes, that rozes againſt þ rocks:  
And furious thundering flames, that boiles & brummies,  
beside the ſoiles of many filthye flockes.  
On Helmits Hills, yelde many mortall knockes,  
with thumping of the Cannons cruell ſottes:  
The noyſe of Chaynes, and wrenche of bandes & lockes,  
with smoſid ſmoke, of boyling Pitche in pottes.

The In-  
nocentes  
blood hed  
wilfullpe,  
craueth  
vengeaunce.

As fearefull daunſe of Chimneis builded bye,  
and fall of Turrets, that ſleyeth man and childe:  
With wiſowes, whose children ſatherles doe crye,  
theyz plaints alas, all hope of Joye eride.  
To heare them groane, whome mortall weapon ſpoilde,  
with crashe of ſtaues, that then in pæces ſlow:  
A boyce cryed vengeaunce (on them that were deſilde,  
with ſpilling guilliesſe blod) that might not do thereto.

Another boyce, went hurling vp and downe,  
Woe, woe, to ſuche as ſtrik: ſtrik: vpaz hew:  
And ſpecially by warres, to ſack both Citye and Towne,  
laye waste the ſoyle and ploughbe, wherſe Oren dwe.  
From mirth to mourning, all to chaunge a newe,  
wines and children ſpoilde before eache others face:  
The cauſers euer, the firſt them ſelues that rewe,  
and ſtill woe be to you, that haue ſo litly grace.

These ſoundes of ſorrowes, that roſe ſo many wayes  
bereude vs Hellen, poore wretche in flaming Seas.

ſ. I. P. A. S.

## The Bookes verdite vpon Hellen.

Who hearde me tell this tale, that doth their cies witholde,  
Or that their collours doth not pale, to heare it read or tolde?  
Is any heart so hard, that woulde not melt to heere?  
You Ladies doe you not regarde, the fall of bewties peere?  
And haue you lockt vp, salt flooddes within your eyes?  
VVhy haue you kist *Medusas* cup? Your heartes why doe they freest?  
Hath *Letbea* Lake bewicht all you that liuing be?  
Nor hath not pittie never twicht your heartes to mourne with me?  
Perhappes you doe disdaine to heare such tydings tolde:  
But yet you may be glad againe, I saye both young and olde.  
*Ulysses* wife doth loose no fame nor honour here:  
No, No, nor any one of those, that line in godlie fere.  
Nor yet the good *Alcest*, doth catch no blotte nor staine:  
Nor *Griseld* doth not loose the least of *Hippos* happie gaine.  
I am assured this, that *Cleopatra* winnes  
Through Fame a triple blisse, loe now my tale beginnes.  
For *Crescid* she is one, whose face may blush to heare,  
Of *Hellen* life, that now is gon, vngacious *Circes* peere.  
In bewtie *Venus* matche, *Arctynos* worse by mutche:  
*Medeas* fleyghtes shee had to catch, whome pleased me to towche.  
I saye its such as these, that *Synons* shifites doe vse:  
And vertuous studies seeme to lese, on wanton toyes to muse.  
I meane such retchelesse dames, that play *Sylenos* part:  
To winne such merry pleasaunt games, as teache sir Cupids art.  
Loe these are they and such, that ought with shamefaсте looke,  
To be abasht when they shall touche, or vew this simple booke.  
Sith *Hellen* faultes are knowne, and yours in secret hyd:  
Take heede least you be ouerthrowne, as *Hellen* hath be teed.  
And blame hir vices all, but wofull chaunce bewayle:  
For while I liue euen so I shall, if sorrow might preuaile.  
And sith it was your happens, so worthy a Dame to haue:  
To warne you from such after claps, as turne you might to scath.  
VVhose face did staine the rest, of all that earthly were  
Adornde in euery soynt and drest, most like dame Bewties pere.

D

There.

## The rewarde

Therefore from sacred breast, what scalding sighes streight sende,  
Let not your christall eies haue rest, to thinke of *Helens* ende.  
VVish *N*ob bathe your face in teares, for *Helens* sake,  
Vnto the Gods call, cry, for grace, for to escape the lake,  
VVhere *Hellen* thus with paines, in riuen boate doth rowe.  
In fierie seas she still remaines, because shee was vntrewe.

 *Pope Alexander the sixt rewarded for his wickednesse and odible lyfe, with his colledge of Cardinals, Bishops, Abbots, Moonckes, Freers,, and Nunnnes, with the rabble of greasie Priestes, and other members of Idolatry and superstition.&c.*

*Hell, O Hell, deserued long agoe,  
and raging Furies that beare immortall spight,  
What doe you meane, why spare you any woe,  
that should increase our paine, & pleasure our delighte  
Wher is your wonted wrath, accustomed to thys  
among the soules vnto your charge committed:  
Come doe your wroste, consume vs all aro,  
dispatche vs streight, lets be no longer flittid.*

*Thon filthy flood of Lymbos lurking lake,  
From choaked pitte, come belche abroade thy flames:  
Why come you not you Furies so; to take  
a greater bengaunce, I call you by your namcs.  
Spew out Plegethon, thy furious fiery flake,  
O hell why comittst not thy greatest goze of all:  
Once give consent a finalle ende to make  
of vs, that doe your wrath so gladly call.*

*Come ougly shapes from olde sepulchers sent,  
come filthy howles from loathsome boylng puddle,  
Come monstorous Grypes, that Tyrius guites hath rent,  
come Judge of Hells, come, come increase our trouble.*

*Coms*

## of wickednesse.

Come Prince of darchnesse, give thy fearefull iudgement,  
O hell vsfolde thy gates, and let the flaming steame  
Spake hast to increase our punishment,  
Dispatche vs once, out of this endelesse trouble.

O bille Idolatric, the Prince of perdition,  
the waye thou diretest to euerlasting paines:  
O filthie moment, and wicked superstition,  
O blynde doctrine, Interpretor of dreames.  
O rotten relikes with all your addicion,  
sye vpon you all, sith thus it comes to passe.  
Falsehode in the end bath no remission,  
as witnesse our devillishe detestable mase.

And with these wōrdes, he caste his head a lyppe,  
amonge the shaueling greasse chuffthead Friers:  
And seeing Morpheus standing present bye, (appeares  
the lawlesse sorte of Priestes with Spouks and Quaines  
At which this Pope begann to roare and crye,  
alas (quod hēc) beholde where Morpheus standes:  
Hēc will proclayme abzoade that heare wē lye,  
that rule of hell, and heauen did take vppo'ns.

What shall wē doe (quod hēc) best call him hether,  
it hapneth so there is none other shifte:  
Lets say wē come soz Soules, they answered altogether,  
and that wē meane to make a general shifte,  
Let not be knowne the cause wherefoze and why,  
leasst out of credite thereby our Lawes be brought: The Cres  
is knowne  
by his  
fruite.  
And sūch of custome wē wonted were to lye,  
to tell truthe nowe, at all it profites naught.

But while the rowte of Sathanis bonde and flocke,  
adreste them selues to gloase and paint this lye:  
(Moegera comes) and cast her fierye blocke,  
among the heape that all in flames doeth lye.

## The rewarder

Then on they Captaine, the shorling's call and knocke,  
but all in vaine, hee coulds not helpe him selfe.  
His sinnes had tyed him faster then the rocke,  
hee myght not part out of that woefull desse.

Then fast upon Saint Frauncis gan they erye,  
me thought as it were a mad Mattins they songe:  
They were so prickt with paines they had no time to lye,  
the parische was beguilde, the seconde peale not rong.  
Some song Sanctamaria Ora pro nobis, (face:  
with Sensors & Candlestickes they bokane eache others  
The Pope sware Gods fleshe Pax uobis,  
who lost but his labour ther was so small grace.

Some cryed on Saint Iames, and some on Saint John,  
and some on Saint Austen, Saint Laurence and Leo:  
On Saint Peter with his keyes, cryed many a one,  
but among the whole roialte I heard not Lau deo.  
Suche raye was never hearde, what ener they meant,  
the noyse shoke the clowdes that hang in the Skies:  
With nailes and tethe, eache others fleshe they rente,  
that Ecco reportes the fearefull plaintes and cryes.

But when they see that Morpheus kept his place,  
this cursed Captaine fast upon him cryed:  
And sayde come Morpheus and be we our woefull case,  
 beholde howe I and all my mates be fride.  
No lenger leynt the truch they myght so woe,  
and Maugere of they willes Pluto them compelde:  
The Trais  
tours & the  
theeze both  
confesse the  
truth when  
they see no  
better. I was (quod he) a Pope and of my name,  
the Sire I was and Alexander hight.  
Wherfore and why they wrged were to shooe,  
and so at lengthe these wordes to him he tolde.  
But for to heare my lise, no man may bide so shame,  
that hath the dread of God before his sight.

But

## of wickednesse.

But lende a while thy lystenynge eares to me,  
and I shall streght thy head in hearing of the least:  
With my rewardes thou doest so perseste sse,  
to tell the truth at length I call it best.

In learned Scholes I had bane trayned long,  
and boylste by sortunes wheele, I was a losyng height:  
Yet still my heart in high Ambition bong,  
my head for higher state, still practisde sleight.  
From bigher to harre, I gaped euerye houre,  
firste loue Theodore Borgia of birth and line:  
A Cardinall I thought not of greatest power,  
yet sse my fortune in my later time.

*Theodore  
Borgia  
afterwarde  
made pope  
and called  
Alexandre  
and surna-  
med the  
late.*

(For as I sayde) from height to harre, yet herte of all,  
I thought to sit, unwoxbyng though I were:  
There was so many watching for the balle,  
whose eyes by devillishe arte, I did deceiue and blear.  
Many being of mightier birth and blood,  
of greater fame then I by farre awaye,  
Woulde haue preuentid mee with many a snub,  
because I sought the seate, and Papal see.

And when I sawe I could not reache the marks  
and I wanted power and friendship twe:  
With coniuracion I gan to playe my parte,  
and craftelepe theyz mindes I altered newe.  
Through Nigromancie and Inuocation, I  
calde up a Devill with whome I did confarde:  
Touching my sute, who aunswereyd by and by,  
to graunt him his request, hee would exalt mee harre.

Thus being conuersant with Deuilles long,  
theyz ayde and helpe I craved every daye:  
They aunswereyd mee with speache of pleasaunt tonge,  
to doe theyz best they would not sticke noz staye.

## The rewardē

The p[ro]p[ri]et[er]e. But first I must both couenant and bo[un]d  
miles to the in presence of the filthye Prince of darkenesse:  
Devill. That all his Lawes infernall I shoule allowe,  
and therewnto addicte my selfe by practise.

Mons Caballus. Whiche graunted was, and not denied at all.  
is a secrete house to worke knauey a little without Rome.  
In a cleare daye this Prince infernall  
I mette, so close no living body warre,  
In a Chambre there, him selfe he did present  
in Riche apparell, and Golden rayes to see,  
These crownes vpon his head, Dight with stones Orient,  
lyke statelye robes hath not bene seene with eye.

A semelye face presenting midle age,  
a stature mete as might be thought in minde:  
His countenaunce shewd, a person verye sage,  
whose wyll to mine, by cruell oathes I loynde.  
A Prothontarie, thus corpose like a Prothontarie,  
is vnder- stande the greatest witer or Clarke in  
whose like- nes the de- will shode him selfe.  
What was it then that I calde vnto memoyre:  
but it was graunted me without deniall:

For there he graunted me my heartes desire,  
and sayde I shoule be Pope the next that was:  
Which with the Phenixe set my heart on fire,  
suche hast I made to see it brought to passe.  
Behold the fruites of our holye Father the Pope.  
Then with a gladsome heart I wisthe to knoe,  
the time of my pontificaltie:  
And howe I shoulde in state of conquest goe,  
because I bare a deadlye hate to Italye.

The decept ful & doubt ful promise made by  
Thee unanswered me with great discerte and sayde,  
a Leuen and eyght I shoule be Pope of Rome:  
But see at length, howe I was quitt and payde,  
it proude not so when all this sayde and done.

## of wickednesse.

I made accounts to prosper ninetene yere,  
and gladd I was as any man might bee: the devil to  
the Cardis-  
well.  
I thought to make them stoupe both farre and neare,  
but yet I was deceyde, the Devill failed me.

Innocens of that name, the tenth die straight,  
then by the most elections, placed was I:  
In the chayre of Pompe, I stretche my selfe on heyght,  
soz Pope I was proclaimed by and by.  
Then Alexander the first I had to name,  
and all soz Solemnization of degre:.  
Thus rechelesse Rome agreed to the same,  
bothe Ritch and Powre, then wylte it so to haue.

Thus was the Pyter, with the Triple crowne,  
ouchte rounde about with stones of worthye prye,  
(Set on my headde) in chayre of statelye Rome,  
igranen subtelly by curios crafty vice.  
Arayed in robes of glearing beaten Golde,  
with Pearles depotherid here and there in sight:  
And at my fete in handes did Cardinals holde,  
a Rose of finest mettall costlye dighte.

I treade on Tissue, eache stote I set on grounde,  
aboue my head was boorne a shryne of golde:  
Eache knie fell to the earth, to heare my boyece or sounde,  
who went at libertye, that I had take or holde:  
Kinges and Princes, with noble peers I brought  
in feare and awe so muche, they durst not route,  
Them and their countreys I sackt & brought to nought  
to me and mine that would not bowe and stoupe.

All Italie in my wzaphe I rente and shooke,  
all Christian Princes I vexed night and daye:  
I banisht Kinges, their regall seates I toke,  
who durst to me, so hardye doe or saye.

Honoured

## The rewardes

Honoured like a God I was in every stede.

Who spake against my Lawes that scaped death?

All fafhull men with sworde and fire I rid,

alreadgind that they liu'de out of the Christian faith.

Tyrantes  
prosper not  
long.

A Leuen yeres the Tyrante thus I playde  
and eyght monethes, then sickle I fell at lasse:

I wacdsable, my courage quyl decayde.  
I pind a wavy and Atropos made haste.

Thus I kept my bedde longe space and tyme,  
the cause therof I gladly wylt to kno:

So at the lenghe I calde a man of mine,  
that of my secreates many tyme did kno.

Popes  
Monches  
Friers, &c.  
in stede of  
gods word  
studied Lō-  
luation  
Nigromā-  
cie & other  
curled acts.

Modena was his name that bess I trust,  
into my Wardrobe, my keyes withall I sent:

There lape a boke within a Cubbard thrust,  
of Nigromancie in Seruus first frequent.

When as my seruaunt into my Wardrobe came,  
(A Pope he founde) all deckte in Kitthe araye:

That seemed as he thought a very earthly man,  
Of whome astrayde, my seruaunt came his way.

And all a freight to me he tels this tale,  
which dwelle me in a maze and musing minde:

Per after a while, I calde my man by name,  
and sent him once againe the booke to finde.

This booke with golde and precious stones was bounde,  
I never loued Chistes Testament halse so well:

Of Nigromancie there was containide the ground,  
throughtout the earth there was not any such.

But when my man the Wardrobe entered  
againe, he founde the Pope lawling vp and downe:  
Although he were astrayde, yet manly ventred,  
and fainde himselfe, as though he sought a golde,

But

## of wickednesse.

But terribly this Pope with sparkling louke,  
(saye to my man) my friende what doest thou here?  
Wher at her shanke forgetting of the louke,  
almost her lost his winde so veray dead and feare.

With trembling fleshe anon thus aanswred her:  
so the Pope I come to fetche a Golwe (her sayd)  
What Pope? (quod vision) you haue no Pope but me,  
and I am her, that ought to her obeyde.  
With this my man returned backe agayne,  
and what her saue revealed in myne eare:  
Whiche when I heare did much augment my Payne,  
so death at hande, I knew would straight appeare.

The sun-  
shere of the  
messenger  
to the viſiō,  
and the an-  
shere of  
the viſiō  
againe.

Then sicknesse did encrease, eache holuer moze and moze,  
and at the length, time gan to drawe so nye:  
One like a messenger rapping at the doore,  
with open mouth awaie dispatche gan crye.  
With this the doores abroade gan flye,  
and rushing in her comes to speake with me:  
First wold her sayde; haste haste dispatche (quod her)  
the time is come, from death thou canst not flie.

Then I objected to his charge full soze,  
the former promise that he made to me:  
 Howe I oughte to live eyght yere by couenant moze:  
And is a leuen and eyght obserued her  
(Quod her) agayne my saynges you haue mistaken,  
eleuen yeres eyght monethes was all I meant:  
My promise to obserue I haue not yet forsaken,  
of eleuen yeres eyght monethes not one doeth want.

The Pope  
is deceived  
by the De-  
villes cras-  
tine promise

Full glad I woulde haue crav'de a lenger time,  
but all was vaine to speake him sayze at all:  
With cruell loukes, her aunsweſed thou art mine,  
thou shalt with me, into the lake infernal.

## The rewarde

And thus he turnde his backe and went his waye,  
then straight my Corps, bid yeld vp vitall b<sup>r</sup>eath:  
My wofull spirite he toke with him that daye,  
where nowe I am tormented with double death.

Loe, what it is to worke by Coniuration,  
or to deale with devils by wicked arte!

**A sayre** Beholde the ende of all abomination,  
**warninge;** am I not well rewarded for my part?  
**Coniurers** A Guerdon meete is Hell, for souche as I,  
**& Inchan-** that sought so much to sitt in statlye seate:  
**ters. &c.** (so we who is Pope,) unhappye wretched I rype,  
that am preparde for Sathanas booke a baite.

**The say-** Loe Morphus: thus I did beginne and ende,  
**ing is , a** I leste my Sonne with all my heapes of treasure:  
**good begin-** Through al the wrold, there was not one his frende,  
**ning makes** pore and riche still sought his great displeasure.  
**a good en-**

**dinge.** I leste his Sister (whome both we two)  
as ofte as pleased vs did use and take,  
Godlye Carnallye eache night and daye we knewe,  
ates of our a common Concubine, I did my Daughter make.

And with these wordes, Margera commeth syng,  
a thousande newe devised plagues she bringes:  
Take heare (quod she) your iust reward for syng,  
and therewithal great flames of fire synges.  
This done, she then departes a pace,  
to put in bise her wonted cancaroe nature:  
A death it was for to beholde her face,  
or else to vewe her vglys monstros nature.

Where at the table of all this recheles ranke,  
immediatelye like bedlemes sware and stare:  
Into the hollowe hole of grypnes they sancke,  
where furious fiendes they fleshe in pieces sare.

Thus

## of wickednesse.

Thus they banisht, and fled out of our sight,  
With carefull cryes, our rashful cares they filde:  
The pit with cloides of fearefull irkesome night,  
And dreadfull darkenes rounde about was hilde.

Yet many we be helde, with offeringes and oblations  
That appreched nighe, so hast they headlong came:  
Frier Rushe bare the Crosse, Clarke of the sessions,  
A member of their Churche, the Popes owne man:  
Thousandes came knip knap, patterning on Beades,  
Friars Punkes and Punnes, came after with hast,  
As bowed Pilgrimes, came Willes widowes & Maides,  
Of the holye Popes woakes the strutes soz to last.

Whome when I sawe, they sterte I did bewaile,  
With teares I sterte a thousand times my face:  
Alas, they sought that might not them preuaile,  
The Pope their God, was in a woful case.  
Hast brygde in fire, and endlesse woe and paine,  
An all his fete, they tasted of the same:  
For worldy pleasure, Hell is all theyz gaine,  
Beside on earth an everlasting shame.

Woulde God thought I, in this my drearye dreame,  
My countrey men, were present nowe with me:  
To bewe the plagues, where Papistes doe remaine,  
That then they might that fylthye fashion ffe:  
And turne to Christ, which suffered soz theyz sake,  
The blodye butchering Pope soz to detell:  
In health and wealth, theyz prayers soz to make,  
To God of might that graunteh our request.

But while that thus, I wayde the want of faith,  
awaye (quod Morpheus) Lets packe and get vs hence:  
Why, bearest thou not one gasping soz his breathe?  
yea (quod I) but knowe not wel from whence

## The rewarder

The iuostull noyse doeth come, nor where it is,  
gene me thy hande (quod hee) and bee not frayde.  
It is some Spaire rewarded for his milles,  
whose carefull cryes, his wicked life bewrayde.

*¶ His name bin lyst, his actes that did complaines,  
All as fewe wroordes hereafter doe remaine.*

## The booke's verdite upon this wicked Pope.

**O** God howe worthy is thy name? Thou art our Lord and King,  
As many as confess the same, to ioye thou doest them bring.  
And such as doe thy name denye, and rob the of thy glory:  
Thou doest confound them by & by, and dashe them out of memory.  
All secreates thou doest knowe full wel, no man can hide from thee:  
And all that in the earth doeth dwell, or in the heauens bee:  
Or in the Seas or stony rockes, from farre thou doest behold  
The fowles that scale the skyes, by flockes, and more then can be told,  
Thinfernall lake quakes at thy voice, eache fiend doth howle and yelt:  
And thudreth out an odious noise, when they of the heare tell,  
**O** filthie Tiraunt then to thee, (I speake) that tooke in hande  
Among vs all a God to bee, to rule both Sea and lande:  
And heauen where the Lord doeth sit, and hell where nowe thou art:  
No doubt thou hadst but little witte, to playe that thecuishe part,  
It is to **Alexander** that, with open mouth I crye:  
**V**ve worth the timē he spared not, to leade the flocke awrie,  
Loe, where he is that rulde the roſt, and euery kinde of feaſt:  
**V**vhose vaunting tongue would boast, he was a Fatherbleſt:  
As well within the holie throne, as lowe in **Strigian Lake**: **I** (take,  
And that he could both vp and downe, bring whome he pleafe to  
Twenty hundredth thousand ſoules, at Malle he could remoue:  
**V**vhile ſealing of his Bulles and ſcrolles, or wagging of his Glosse.  
So could he pul them downe from God, when pleased him againe:  
As thicke as flakie ſnowe abroade, or miſtie dropping Raine,  
And

## of wickednesse.

And thus the woolfe devoured our good, & made vs slauies & drudges  
Sackt our countreis, spoylde our bloode, and made vs liue like smudges.  
Kilde our soules and bodies two, deflowred wiues and maydes:  
And kept from vs Christes testimoniē new, and gaue vs bels and baides.  
Olde rotten rellickes, stockes, and stones, and Ceremonies blinde:  
VVith stinking pardons for the nooce, to feede our foolish minde.  
Thus with his Gods both deafe and dumbe, he tyste vs from the Lord:  
VWhicke sent from heauen Christ his sonne, as scriptures doe recordē.  
VWhose preciuſe bloud hath made vs free, from hell and all his stang.  
And hellish Pope from thine and thee, which God his people wryng.  
I yrke to name him any more, and faint within my breast:  
Vengeance doth vpon him rore, the Lorde hath thee detest.  
Thy iust rewarde amonc thy mates, with lasting paines is quit:  
In flashing flaynes be wayle their states, in doſtfull dreade they ſit.  
Yet would they ſay that with a malle, they could *Plegaſon* quenche:  
And all the ſoules that damned were, deliuer with a blenche.  
And yet themſelues lye broyling there, in firē paſt the crownes:  
And with their Idoles ſweate & ſweare, though here they ſat in thros.  
Me thinkē them fooles that had ſuich ſkill, in fetching ſoules from hel:  
And be compelde againſt their will, in carefull Caue to dwell.  
Sith *Italie* had cauſe to ioye, at thisvile Tyrantes death:  
VVhat cauſe haue we to thanke the Lorde, that are reſorde to ſaythe:  
From bondage now are ſet at large, and woolues deliuered fro:  
And therefore duetie giueth charge, our thankefull heartes to ſho.  
Lets lift our handes with joyed heart, that liuing be this time:  
That Gods true worde in euery part, may florish ſtill and ſhine.  
Let *Alexander* ſave him ſelfe, with all his holie ſkill:  
For with his rellickes and ſuich pelfe, he may doe what he will.  
No doubt he lyeth there for ſport, to paſſe the time away:  
Or elſe to vewe the greate reſort, that Ladies Psalter faye,  
Perhaps that Purgatorie paines, he will to bliſſe conuert:  
The ſillie ſoules that there remaines, ſhall taste no more of ſmart.  
Fie on him fie, and all his mates, the heauens curse him yet:  
Offlaming hell he is the gates, and guide to *Stigian* pit.  
His ſtinking Maſſes let him take, and Ceremonies blinde:  
Doom Gods a thouſand though hee make, according to his minde.

## The rewarder

Yet he and they doe perish all, the scripture prooies it plaine:  
So doe as many slippe and fall, as to his loare doe leane.  
But let vs builde vpon the rocke, of Christes Gospell pure:  
So wee with him amonst his flocke, foreuer shall endure.  
VWhere as one God and persons three, be praysed day and night:  
And where we shall for euer bee, alwayes within his sight.

## Young Tarquine rewarded for his wickednesse.



Waye with all yong playntes, and blabbering feares,  
Your carefull cryes that vp in silence quite:  
For here beholde such cruelnesse appiers,  
Of all the rest but I no wight hath felt the like.  
Hell shewes his force on me with double spile,  
No paine to mine, no; none so worthy blame,  
As I deserve, I well confesse the same.  
O pyde, pyde, of mischiese route and all,  
Who worth the time I this delighted to:  
Thou made me climbe vntill I catcht the fall,  
Not onely to my shame, but also endlesse wo.  
Through pyde, I lost both loue, and honor long ago,  
Pyde ruled me so much, no godnesse I regarded,  
Therefore for wickednesse beholde I am rewarded.

Of noble line and race, descended I,  
And a Ruler was, and Ruler might haue bene,  
But yet my heart in wretchednesse did lye:  
I fearde not God, nor for his lawnes a paine,  
I ranne my case alwayes in deadly sinne.  
I cleane forgot my selfe, and eke from whence I came,  
I rather thought my selfe a God then moxall man.

## of wickednesse.

For who had that, which I did lacke or want,  
Of golde or siluer or stones of precious price?  
For my boode, costlye apparel was not shant,  
For nothing else that pzyde might well entice,  
Thus vertue betayne, but still increased vice:  
To pamper vp the paunce, the fildy fleshe fulfille,  
I wholy gave my selfe with earnest heart and will.

Which cauled me to acumilate eche houre,  
Upon my heade moare plagues then can be namde:  
The Gods agred their vengance so to pour  
On earth so aye: my name I stainde and shande,  
Thus may you heare how I am Justly blande.  
To my dispayse, and to the prayse of swyne,  
That by my losse to honour & great prayse have come.

With Morpheus thou art here, and brought thy friend with  
Be witnesse of the woe that Tarquin bydeth here: (the  
With Poets haue pende the wicked life of me,  
Of my rewarde thou mayest reporte well here.  
For the purpose none meye master then thou here:  
It is no councell that all the world both knoë,  
For yet forgot, that was done long agoe.

He on rapine, though guilefull treason wrought,  
He on the swelling fleshe that soule and boode kils:  
He on filthinesse, whose ends is ever noughe,  
And he on folly, that all god maner spills.  
Take heire all you that follow fleshe wil,  
Of me prouide Tarquin made a mirrore cleere,  
So may you shanne the paines I suffer here.

Beholde, when I did Lucrece finde in bed,  
Though harmefull sleight premitigate before,  
With naked sworde in hand to her I sayde:  
Consent to me (quoth I) else shalt thou live no more:

## The rewarde

By tender helpe this paine shall carue full sover  
Ther will I see the worty house within,  
To make report you were committing sinne.

Which wordes did smite so her noble sens and witt,  
That tremblyng shaketh, as doeth the Aspen Leafe:  
Feare freighted empel her quakinge to sit,  
Like as shé woulde depart with vitall breath,  
The naked shwoode in sight, stille threatening present death,  
Thus I rannte a Ladie both vertuous and chaste,  
Wherfore I am expelte, (alas) these sorowes to taste.

Wherat each tonge did talk to my dispayse,  
And for the same, I banisht was so; ever:  
(With then) all my posterite sye evermore decayes,  
Loe thus the Gods their vengance doe deliver:  
Betrayed by the daye that then I did com thither,  
Among my wicked deedes, this onely was the woorst,  
Therefore I was and am so; evermore accurst.

I am a sacke of sorowes in this stinke  
And stinkinge pisse wherein you see me lyze,  
Whose faulte with mine respondent pens with inke,  
Were ever hearde o; scande with learned eye?  
As vice to my reproache, to vertuous fame doth lyze  
With prayse of Lucrecia and example of all such,  
As of hir doe delight, and of madnes reade much.

For when this knyghte committed this,  
And I had sedung lust this nobly matron on:  
Then so; to line, nothinge the loued less,  
With wixing handes, alas she maketh mone,  
Come Atropos (quoth she) make hast that I were gone  
And cryng Bill, come Clotho come make spede,  
Of Lucrecia life, but wixing the fatal thred.

Then

## of wickednesse.

Then pardon craued shē of Colatine  
And of his father Spurius by and by:  
I haue made offence, wo wōrth the wicked time.  
Thus weeping sayde this Lady rusly:  
I hearing this from thence departed spedily. (teares,  
And left in wōfull pligt, this Dame dwōnd vp with  
Whose vertues, in women full rarely now appeares.

*Colatine  
was the  
husband of  
Lucrece.*

But al you Ladies, Wives, and Maides eache one,  
Of what degré oþ yet estate you bē:  
No doubtle although Lucrecia bē gone,  
As myrour mayre remaine, this stroȝe when you sē.  
So may you earne the giste of chastitey,  
What lone you ought your husbandes soz to beare,  
In spending of her daies, the psoe doeth plaine apeare.

O wretched wight (quod he) howe dare I shewe my face?  
The earth doeth threate this wilfull acte of myne:  
It is, and wilbe Judge I wanted grace,  
Thus losing honour, I steynde my Auncientes line.  
At all that beare my name, the people doe repine.  
Pea the very stones that in the streates doe lye,  
Into the Heavens, upon this crime doe crye.

Then wished shē Ipolas happye chaunce,  
O Virginnes ende, oþ Didos long agoe: (banner,  
(Quod he) thereof this deede, false Taquine shold not  
That nowe soz ever, shame abroade shal blee.  
And shall my husband wēte him serued so?  
That shall hez not, (quod shē) a swōrde shē tolke,  
In blattering blōd, the vittall bēath soz tolke.

Loz Morpheus, a las, no we haue I tolde thē all,  
And of my being here; the cause wherfore and whye.  
Wo we mayst thou thinke, my grace was very small,  
That in my life coulde not soz mercye trye.

## The rewarder

But wickednesse craves vengeance, to the skye,  
And not without a cause the Gods doe punishe hate,  
And so they doe al them that live in whoredome state.

But Morpheus, Morpheus, sith thou settest my lot,  
A blessed dede it is, the same so to declare:  
From Ritchie and Powre, I praye the hide it not,  
Proclaine howe wicked men rewarded are.  
From pride and whoredome, wiste thy friendes beware.  
The time is now on earth they have to dwelle,  
But endles tormentes euer bide in hell.

If mortall men did knowle, what paine is heire,  
Then woulde they lothe the woorlde they loue so well:  
Their pompe, their pride, and all they glittering geare,  
To punishe the paunce, some feare would sure compell.  
All treason and fleshlye fraude, so to expell.

All Tyrantes trades no doubt, they would forgoe,  
And if they sette the least of this my woe.

But her that blinded is, with ease and wealth,  
Their rauisht heartes hath dulde their wittes as lead:  
Gods feare is gone, and eache man for him selfe,  
To purchase pelfe the wolding toyles his head.  
The Childe forgettes his Father being dead.  
To taste of death him selfe, no deale mistrust,  
Tyll grizlye ghost do blowe, that needes awaie be must.

A las howe baine is all thing on the earth,  
What care to catche, what feare to keepe it still:  
What sorowe it settes, where should be ioye and mirth,  
Engendering hate, there as should be god will.  
Proouking iuath, The verye spirite to spill.  
And yet beholde howe eurye man doth watche,  
And with the trouthe the choking hoke doth catche.

## of wickednesse.

And thus fare well nowe gette you hense from me,  
You knowe my minde, deale in it as you will:  
My wicked acte, and iuste rewarde you see,  
And howe my paine increaseth euer still.  
Alwaye (quodhæ) beholde downe yonder hill  
Alecto comes with flaming flaxing winges,  
For pride & whozdom, a thousand plagues shes bringes.

Then streight departed wiue and left him there,  
And wandering vp and downe, those smokyg pittes:  
She thought a rusfull boice, as it a woman were,  
Fare by, declare what plagues shes felt by Pittes.  
To heare her plaint I almost lost my wittes.  
On whozdom still shes cryed, woe wroth that wicked  
That mortall fleshe so much deliteith in. (finne,

But when I calde to minde the leade wherein,  
I sawe Tarquinus ly, with flames of Bramstone whote:  
In middes whereaf, he stode vp to the chinne,  
All blubberid with blisters, alas not frå one spotte,  
And howe with sodden Pittche, his body all was blotte.  
Two fiends shot thonderboltes, at him on either side,  
Wherat hee dolketh, his careful face to hide.

Thus in this sojnace, amid these boyling heates,  
He standeth to the Chin, but when hee dolketh soe:  
And thus the seizing darteres, ofte in his visage beates,  
The feare therof increaseth double woe. (moe.  
Thus Tarquine was rewarded, and so were thousandes  
That had theye fates declared to theye face,  
Whiche was to late as then, to crye for grace.

## The rewarde

### The rewarde of Medea for hir

wicked actes, and false deceyuing of hir father,  
sleying of hir children and hir owne Bro-  
ther, and working by inchauntment.

This historie is merueylos  
tragicall, and a good  
example for  
VVomen.



Dreadfull Stix, boyle vp thy poysoned fliodes,  
and cruell Cacus tormentz neuer devise :  
Give sentence Mynos of theyz guiltlesse blodes  
that murdererz handes haue shed in any wise.

You furies sell, why doe you yet despise  
with greater plagues my paines soz to increase,  
And soz to see the blode of Innocents arise,  
whose mouthes from crying bengance neuer cease?

And where shē stode, hir heade shē cast awry,  
In wofull plight as ener wretch might be,  
And so by chaunce at length did Morpheus spie,  
whose open iawes, gr yed streight to him and me.  
Saying Morpheus come and bring thy frinde with thē,  
a greater newes to learne thou shalt in hast,  
Of all thou hast perused with thine eye,  
I wot thy am the greatest griefe to taste.

I knowe thou camst from place where Hellen rowes,  
in th'irke some lake where doubtfull Dragons bee,  
And yet hir wicked life and mine God knowes  
are not to be comparde, although that shē,  
For certaine yeares liued in adulterie,  
and betrayed hir husbande, god noble Menelaus,  
Set Grecce and Troy at great mortalitie,  
Shed blode, sackt Cities, banisht godly lawes.

## of wickednesse.

(Yet this hir fact, not halfe like mine alas)

Why doth not hell brayde out hir stinking b̄efty?  
And my deserites much woorse then Hellens was,  
(Hell spew thy spight) deuoure me once with death.  
I will neyther rushe, nor spight, stirre vp your heartes:  
will none of those oncs moue you to dispatche,  
But will you alwayes playe such cruell partes?  
more wylching death, more lingering life I catche.

(Quoth Morpheus) what is thy name declare it,  
where wast thou borne, why art thou plagued tell e

(Quoth shee) againe, no more I will not spare it,  
Spake hast (quoth hee) I may not tarry well.  
At the which, with greuous scriching yell,  
Shee did describe hir wicked crimes and name,  
I am (quoth shee) so punisht here in hell,  
that passeth wight with tongue to tell the same.

My name is Medea (quoth shee) most trewe,  
daughter I was to Octes that woxthy king:  
which had the Ramme where stice of golde ygrewe,  
the greatest leuell of any earthly thing.  
which was my fathers, and in his keepting,  
watcht with a Bull, that was of woxthy might,  
And a Dragon with mighty poysoned sting,  
that stoutly kept this Ramme both day and night.

Many a woxthy Prince and champion stoute,  
had lost their lynes in venture givning.  
which never brought their purpose yet about,  
no; no man to this day but Iason living.  
Deuoured they were by the rauening of these two,  
he lost his life, that thought to win his shwoes:  
These boastes so violently did all men pursue,  
that so; to die might neyther will nor chose.

An olde  
saying, al  
couer, all  
loue.

Whiche

## The rewardē

Whiche was my Fathers chiese of exaltacion,  
he floished in wealth no Prince his like :  
Dread he was of euery lande and nation,  
he forste no strength of all his foes a mite.  
And yet of treasure all, he sette his chiese delite  
on in his Daughter deare, that songht his grieve:  
I quite my Fathers loue with moxall spide,  
I playde the whoze, the mordzelle and the thaze.

Warke nowe Morpheus, what a parte I playde,  
by my Father deare my Brother and my Childre  
And what a noble quene I afterward betrayed,  
with many moe by wicked arte I bzoilde.  
And other some I banishte and exilde,  
by Dantillie wayes as women shoulde not doe:  
For why they ought with mercye to bee milde,  
and not they, wicked willes so to pursue.

Beholde howe I did nature quite forsake,  
for this I did as true as here I am:  
When Iason came this conquest so to make,  
(false traitour I) through me the steeke his swanne.  
For arte of wicked Charme I straight begaue,  
for Iason sake my Parent to betraye:  
Dismaide my Father sillye Aged man,  
abandoned his house, with Iason ranne awaie.

By incantacion: I brought it so to passe,  
that Iason slewe bothe Bell and griesly Beast:  
Atchierde all thinges as his desire was,  
for of my Brother I caused him possesse,  
That in the Regall seate, should crowne & scepter beare.  
in Colcos Lande it booted not to rest:  
For why my Father so greate an boast did reare,  
with steele to stye, we thought it was the best.

## of wickednesse.

For why harde by my Father folliwed fast,  
But to escape his handes, barke what I did :  
I hilde my Brother, his armes and legges I cast  
Throughout the fieldes whereas my Father rid  
Whiche when my Father sawe, so ill beside,  
and knewe his sonne thus martyred so to bee:  
With woefull cheare to get them uppe straight hine,  
together (alas) eache chopped peice layde hine.

Then downe his Aged face, doeth humble teares apace.  
and vp in armes the Martyred head doeth gette:  
Oh Sonne most deare, alas (quod he) for grace,  
and many a kiss on deadly mouth both sette.  
And then with nayles, his face he rentes and teares,  
that downe the purple streames of bloud doe flie:  
And readye death within his face appeares,  
but styl he cryed, (alas) deare sonne for the.

To tell but halfe the morning that he made,  
no doubt your eyes like conduite spoutes would run,  
For herte woe he palleth out a blade,  
to flea him selfe for sorowe of his sonne.  
But yet his men and seruantes chaunce to come,  
my carefull Father there they did prevent:  
Dyelse no doubt moze mischiefe had bene done,  
and all through me, accurst and disobedient.

Then after storimes of many woefull plaintes,  
perswaded by suche men as wittye were:  
Like as Apelles Agamemnon, paintes,  
I maye compare my Fathers brynging here:  
When in meane while, that he was slayad there,  
with spedde from Colcos Iason, and I did passe  
For my Brothers funerall, he builded Anters sayes  
to sacrifice vpon, as then the maner was.

## The rewardē

Loe by my Father thus I playde the the thēſe,  
gainſt naturē and womanhood my Brother ſlew:  
And bled witcherast againſt the true belēſe,  
and like a Traiſer, alwaies with Iason ſlewe.  
Haste thou euer harde of any ſo untrue?  
To playe like part I thincke did never none:  
Paye Morpheus yet moſe miſchiefe did I bſewe,  
ſo; after this I murdered many a one.

Through Nigromancie, Eſon being olde,  
from crabbed crooked Age, I made him yong againſte:  
Lively and lightſome, active and bolde,  
and purcley purged in euerye Puls and baine.  
And Treſs being dead I made beare ſtruite againſte,  
which increased my credite, moſe then euer it was:  
Through falſe craſte, I cauſe Pelleus be ſlaine,  
by his Daughters handes I brought it ſo paſſe.

Whome I made belēſe, as Eſon did.  
that Pelleus they; Father ſhould youth achtēue:  
And tolde them plague in doing as I bid,  
he ſhould be altered newe, not ſeeling paine nor grefe.  
Thus I illuding them, they thought it true,  
(So did Pelleus him ſelſe) that time good man:  
That being ſlaine from age to youth a newe,  
he ſhoulde be thānged by killing of a Ram.

(The trueth was nothing ſoe) it was my fetche,  
to cauſe his Daughters, their Fathers blod to ſhed:  
An olde Ram I hadde them ſea and wittely to watche,  
that no man ſauwe, when they to worke proceſſe,  
But (quod I) loke that your Father blide  
in one velleſſ, and with this Ram at once:  
And doing thus, I ſayde that by and by with ſpēde,  
they; Father ſhould arife with yonthful flesh and bones.

## of wickednesse.

These silly Sisters and Daughters to this man,  
believed well this subtle tale of mine:  
And as I bad, they slewe an aged Ram,  
and so they did theys Father deare in sine,  
Believing faithfullye by powre deuine,  
that theys side Father shold be made yong:  
(Alas) which was not so, but onelye crafft of mine,  
to make an ende of him whome I had hated long.

Thus exited I, by crafft theys wroke alas,  
and dead lyeth theys father blouding fast.  
But hark, Morpheus harke, hoo if then comes to passe,  
mischief hath ever her due rewarde at last.  
I thought this wicked dede, that thus had done and paid,  
woulds best hove pleased Iason, then my Lorde;  
Whiche channelle not so, for bee with all the best  
fled from me, and all my aches abhoyde.

And so to Corinthe, to Creon, Then the King  
hys toke his ways as straight as thing might bee,  
Who had a Daughter called Cruso, (belovites darling)  
whome Iason married, and so refused me,  
Wherereat Dame Fame sounys her Trumpet bye,  
each living eare was filled with the same:  
Whiche made me boyle as whot as gleyde might bee,  
till I had spylde this tender noble Dame.

Whiche through Magike, and hys Coniuracion,  
A coser I inventyd with divers Jewels moe,  
Subtillye contrived of a strange fashion,  
with the which to Creuso, I made my comes to bee,  
To present the fame, that his wife Ladycas,  
who gratefullie receyved it, but yet (alas) beguilde  
For through my arte, when as it was bane,  
there flewe forth fire, that burnyd both man and childe.

## The rewarde

Conspide ~~about~~ this Ladre crech and gape,  
burnde all the pallas fine gardes within the grounde:  
W<sup>r</sup>ged Iason hym selfe to flee away,  
or else with fire he had beene stright confonnd.  
Many a wofull heart I made within that stounde,  
the Cloynes themselves, bewayling greater let fall,  
The roches and hilas b<sup>r</sup>ake out their plaiting sounde,  
beside the guilti shinde, that did sor vengance fall.

Of noble Iason this the heire I flete,  
who thought to be yonge of m<sup>r</sup>the iniquitie:  
T<sup>r</sup>owards me when I porcoun<sup>d</sup>e he dwelt,  
my two sonnes leatharie, without compassioun of pitie,  
Wh<sup>ch</sup> were both tender, well made, and wittie,  
of myn hode bago, and dawallie boone,  
For malice to their father Iason, amyd the Cites,  
I cut their thote (and made their bodies to ne.

With wilde hales ybrand downe the strete,  
beside myn mischierf more than this do sure,  
In all this stunchingdale, yet did thou never misde  
with any wretchede that did the grete procure.  
But whoso ever misde, in wickednesse to byde,  
or leade a Tygaunte life in the world haue rewarde,  
Accordyng his deser<sup>t</sup>e alth<sup>t</sup> hanot be critized,  
Though mortall the thereto han no regardes.

And then (quod he) thou knowest my name and why  
that I am thus torment<sup>d</sup> in Stygian pite,  
O that witches and Conjurors know so well as I,  
of Ioues amble name that dor<sup>t</sup> in heauen sit,  
Then woulde they stende if euer had grace or wite,  
To d<sup>r</sup>aynes the almyte the wold set they wold<sup>r</sup> delight,  
And disobedient chilches woulde their folly lifte,  
affurc<sup>t</sup>ing the liu<sup>r</sup>ent stench with smite.

## of wickednesse

And with these wordes her parties increase so sope,

(But that this saye) report god Morpheus thus:

Or else at all we heard her saye no more,

but that this shrikte as one that tormentte is

Thus seeing the reward of her wicked dedes,

Will stayd a while her tormentte to behold shall be the re

Which at a moment, both daye and hower bydes,

much more then can by any tonge be tolde.

To see the stiring Deniles with fiery speares,

on Dragons backes with poisoned ympleys pigges

As at a Quintan, at Medea, who byttaunt Dearey, a quintaunt

and through her tumbes, that trickling bloude apperees

Then from the scaldyng heare, by violence out teares,

Hote flameys of fire, at wondes on every lobe,

Monsters with boynes, and tothorne couped ears,

Ranne on this wretch, with gnashyng teeth they yede,

The blod by murder, this wicked wretche had shed,

thundered vengeance, whose terrible noysse,

Heape double paines vpon her wretched heade,

and silde that dreadfull hale, (alas) with woefull noysse,

Innumerable of Wretches, out of theye Cabins roote,

with screaming shrikes, they yelde boide and hysse,

Hote Pitche and Brambore, eache on other thole,

A hellit selfe, that thought he was to late,

Cache one in hande, bogrypte a Butchers knife,

the bladethill shal on eareye gote they silde,

The throat, the Cutters, or herte to stote the lye,

the mortall woudes they make on every boide,

Then straight with thundring throte Maggara ergo,

come, Chas, come, bring double paine and woe,

Let wickednesse in endis flameys a fire,

come, come, the bloude wondre to make,

(Ays) Whiche wondre to make,

Dauncyng wondre wondre to make,

## The rewarde

At which came Cacus, and Cloudes of fire shakē,  
more fearefull farre then blaste of storming windē  
Cache pitte boyldē up, the craggye mountayne quakē,  
all crawling crēpes, the snakes of Serpentes kinde.  
So greater griesē, no damned spayte couldē finde,  
fōz out of flashe, to gleydes of glowing coale,  
From paine, to paine, from place to place assynde,  
and al to toyle and teare the woefull saule.

And thus we leste this late rewarde Dame,  
and so adye our selmes, to crooked Charons bote,  
wherē many a wandering spirite, had passage by ſame,  
through boylng boath, thē times as fuler bote,  
With muche a doe, at length we passage gote,  
and downe the ſmoaking banches, we crepte on knē,  
Tyll at the length by chaunce it was our lotte,  
two men to ſe tormentēd weſtlyle.

## The booke's verditē upon Medea.

**H**er cause who can bewile, that plaide this butchers parte:  
As from her facher dears to ſeale, that lou'de her in his hart,  
Her brother thus to ſea, the Parents hearts to kill,  
And with a ſtranger ronne awaie, to ſeede her fleschly will,  
The guiltelſſe blood to ſucke, of Creuſ uorthby Dame:  
And all at once vpon a rocke, to waſtin fieri flame.  
Beside, her Children dears, bath wounde with mortall knife,  
The ſmiling Babes her body, bramblēd with their tender life,  
VWhat eyes can ſting, from fludder, whose eares doe understande  
To cal to minde the gyldes blood, ſhed by this womans handes,  
VWhat harme by miſchance done, it paſſeth tongue to tell,  
Or any heart to thinke the ſomme, or hand to penne it well.  
(Alas) whoe would haue thought, that in a womans breſts  
Dame nature would haue let been wrought, to breede ſo much vreſt.

## of wickednesse.

But harde it is to trust, what euer that shee bee :  
That to hir father is vniust, shee meanes the same to thee.  
But loe you cruell Dames, that loue your wils so much :  
I speake it now to all your shames, if there be any such.  
*Medea* now is gone, that all the bate did brewe :  
Take heede among you there be none, with hir to proue vntrewe.  
You witches all take heede, you see how God rewards :  
And what appoynted is your meede, that duelish actes regards.  
Leue of your inuocation, your crossings and your charmes :  
(Alas) it is abomination, and doth increase your harmes.  
You parents it is time, to looke your younglings to :  
Leaſt with this Prince, you say in fine, heartes ease and child adue.  
Keēpe in your daughters strayght, best counſell I can geue :  
Leaſt that perhaps ſhee catch a bayte, that both your harts may greue.  
And bring them vp in feare, and godlie bookeſ to reede :  
And then be ſure that thou ſhalt heare, that wel thy chide ſhall ſpeeđe  
And baniſh wilie will, from out thy daughters place :  
His ſleightie ſhiftes will thouſands ſpill, you know he wanteth grāce  
Let bouldenesſe baniſh be, lay libertie aſide :  
And looke you neuer doe agree, to paint them vp in pride.  
And ſo you ſhall reioyce, your daughters dayes to ſee :  
VVith *Helchias* lift vp your voyce, with prayſe as glad as hee.  
Thus farwell Virgins all, God guide you in his way :  
I doubt not but *Medeas* fill, your tender heartes ſhall fraye.  
And ſith ſhee broyles in hell, whereas release is none :  
There I am ſure that ſhee shall dwell, it helpeth not to mone.  
I cannot weepe therefore, to thinke what partes ſhee playde :  
Shee loſt hir ſoule for euermore, hir name is quite decayde.  
Take heede, hir gaines you ſee, the Gods not one doe ſpare :  
For this or that, looke what they be, rewarded well they are.

## The rewarde

*The wordes of tormented Tantalus, being  
rewarded for his extortion and couetousnes: Oppressing of the poore  
people of his Countrey: And for other wicked actes.*



If any here haue cause so to complaine,  
What mage I doe that pined am soe sode?  
I wilche and wante, I crave but all in vaine,  
I see the tempting fruite, and so I doe the stow:  
Wherof to eate and drinke, I wish none other god.  
If all the wold were mine, sharpe hunger gnawes me,  
To haue my belly filde, al this I would forgoe. (so,

No ioye nor pleasure, halfe doth glad the heart,  
Noz greatest thing that minde hath thought most swete:  
Thongh all were mine, in every place and parte,  
And that eache man were kneelingat my fete,  
Like pleasure to this woe, was not compared yet,  
For hunger passeth all, who knewe his part with me,  
No death so bad, as living thus to haue none blood and

*Gregor.* But wickednes wanth not his iust reward,  
All you that haue rule therfore  
 Howe you come thereby, it's best you haue regard,  
And being mighty, how you use the poore,  
Your owne infirmities remember evermore.

*Bernar.* Beware of couetousnes, it's a slye and sleightye baite,  
The fater of Ipotrisse, and forger of dissite.

*Plutar.* And ambition is a pynke poison,  
It's also a pestilens, coueteres dootier,  
The noyse of envie, the fountaine of treason,  
The mouthes of make base, to all mens losse,  
The blinder of hartes, as the wold nowe goes.

*Herm.* Making of remedies, diseases greate soore,  
And of pure lynes, many a great soore.

*Tullius.* But hee that seekes above the rest to haue,  
And gapes to reache the highest starre alosse:

## of wickednesse.

No doubt many times sogetteth equitie,

And also Justice, it plaine appeareth ofte.

Who desireth glorie, that fortune hath not skoste,

Though lulde a while, within her sickle lappe,

At length she leavens him caugde within her cruel trappe.

But al tolote alas, I doe confess,

My wicked crimes, wherefore I suffer nowe,

In time and space, I would not finde redresse.

To God nor man, I wold not bende nor bower:

No mans Judgement but mine owne I wold allowe.

Repent that life, I thought I had no neede,

For as on earth, I thought eache where to spedde.

Though soz my helpe, confession come to late,

*August.*

Yet in time, confession is a remedie:

It confoundeth vices, restoreth vertues to eache estate.

Devilles it vanquisheth, in greatest extremis:

The Gates of Paradise, it openeth most frely.

Gods vengeance ceaseth, if man confesseth betime,

*Ambros.*

But so to doe, the grace was never mine:

With confession is the life of a sinner,

*Barnar.*

A glorie to god men, and necessary to thoffendour.

Hee that will not confess, whereof he was beginner.

His grace with mine maye bee called slender.

But happy is hee that godes ill gotte doth render.

With them againe, from whence they came at first,

With sure other waies they stande to God accurst.

(Alas) how vaine is pleasure, that most so much imbrate?

*August.*

With what diligence, and expectacion men

Doe seek this worldly wealth, that bideth but a space?

Sliding silye hence, no time appointed when,

Wherefore I wiste you all, Gods hasty wrath to hem.

Boast not to day, what thou wilst doe to morrowe,

*Hierom.*

By the sun go down, thy mirth may turne to sorrow.

*Hec.*

## The rewarde

Chrysost.

Set little by richesse, and riche shalt thou be,  
Set less by renowme, and fame shall lone the best:  
Care not for afflictions, take them quietlie,  
Let reason rule the, so shalt thou be in rest.  
He that scapes the wrath of mighty Jone is blest.

Seneca.

But they that wicked are, no doubt must plagued bee,  
What needeth better proesse, or tryall but by me.

Jacobus.

For iudgement without mercie is ever due  
To them that be unmercifull to the poore:  
But sure mighty men, doe thinke Gods wrothe not true,  
They thinke to live, and dure for euermore,  
As I my selfe did, Alas I crye therefore.  
My wicked dedes, my woe doe still increase,  
And putteth me out of doubt, my paines shall never cease.

Plinius.

One day deinemeth another from time to time  
Of this, or that, as things doe chaunce to fall:  
But the last day giueth iudgement, declaring every crime  
Wher eche man is compelde to make accountes for all,  
Then swerte wrothely welth, doth taste like bitter gall.  
Who hath sustaineid wrongs, for vengauice then shall  
The oppression of the poore, shal perish by and by. (cry.

And with these wordes, he snatched at the tree,  
The fruite whereof, declined to his lippe:  
Whiche on the sodain, from his mouth gan flee,  
And fliode with swelling iawes vpon his chinne doe hit.  
Yet might he not attains thereof one hit.

But starving standes, betwene these two for fode,  
Disgaudis for want of meate, this carful Caitine stood.

And looking backe by chancce he Morpheus spyd  
(And me) that stode vpon a bancke above:  
To whome streight waye he shoulde, houlde and cryde,  
Come here god Morpheus and see the paines I fynde.  
And

## of wickednesse.

And warne all them, to whome thou bearest lone,  
my wickedlyse, that once I ledde to flee:  
Byd them restore the goddes got wrongfally.

And what's thy name quoth Morpheus woulde I know?  
From whence thou came, of whome thou art descended?  
And why thou doest endure this cruell woe,  
What hast thou done, the Gods be thus offendes?  
My aces (quoth he) might well haue bene attened.

But when I was on earth, and had the woorde at will, *Lachancis*  
I never thought to dye, but to haue liden still.

I am the sonne of Jupiter, a God of mighty fame,  
And bozone of Ploce, as witnesse writers olore,  
And at my birth had Tantalus to name,  
Loide of many a countrie. I was a Captaine holde,  
But the cause of my plague the Poets haue mistolde.

Yet Morpheus thou shalt here the cause wherfore and  
The Gods awarde me here to wayle and crye. (why

Some thinke the Gods tolke bengauince so; my sonne,  
Young Pelops, whome when I wanted meate,  
And that the Gods unto my house did come,  
Because some saye I slewe him so; to eate,  
The Poets therefore thought that I thys fleeing bayte,  
Was induged by the Gods alwayes to want & wile:  
(As still I doe) but yet the cause was this.

For in my countrie none but I the cheeke:  
Subject vnto me they were both far and neare.  
Who was so hardie but manger of his teeth,  
I pluckt him on his knees, and if he looke alwyse  
But (alas) of wicked counsell each houre may I crye,  
Whiche put it in my heade, the pwoe so to subdue  
In Phrygia where I rulde, which now full sore I rue.

## The rewardē

What could bē thought, that earthly man might please,  
To pompe the paunce, or seve the grēdy eye  
( Nothing at all) but by the lande or seas,  
With a word of my moule, I had it by and by.  
I thought to mount abone the starry skye.  
A woefull chame bride, the causers of my smart,  
Whiche counself me to play, the Tyrantes parte.

Repentance to late.

Alas, alas, what grace had I dile wretche,  
To poule, and spoile, my subiectes as I did:  
Out of reason, they rentes I did both rache and retche:  
And another sort from house and grounde I rid:  
Compelde them to bandone familie and kineid,  
I banisht whome me list, eche man was glad to please  
Both me and mine, that thought to live at ease.

I never had inough, ne could I bē content  
To take the wrold as all my elders did:  
I amishte the country with fines and double rent,  
Estemming not the mite, that poore men to me offred,  
I gapt so gobs of Golde, whiche grēdily I costred.  
Moneyn was my desire, get it howe I might,  
Of Ritche or Powre, all one, as wel by wrong as right.

Wretched counself.

But Morpheus, nowe to tell the sum and all,  
I will not leane the least, soz thus it is:  
My seruauntes throught theyz counself were principall,  
That thus I was corrupt, I crye therefore alas,  
They fed me with fables, to bring theyz purpose to passe,  
And in my name the poore they spoyled quite,  
To me unknownen, when I receivēde no mite.

Thus many a score, that serued me that time,  
That were of base degré, and of the simplest sort:  
By title of my name, alosse beganne to clime,  
And sought for seates of greater fame and poit:

## of wickednesse.

To spoyle my subiectes they thought it but a spoile,  
The simplissi knauie I had, that any office heare,  
Was honored of my subiectes, as I my selfe it were.

For theyz a lone aduaantage as it did appearre,  
To picks them thankes, within mine eares they whisper,  
Reape downe y dunghill knauies (quoth they) in dread & feare  
The Charles bē ritche, let's purge them with a glister:  
The pauest widowe, bē sure they never miss her.

The fetherles, (alas) a beggynge out they thrall.  
Who payde not al & moze, a paching nedes they must.

And so my subiectes heartes (alas) I lost,  
My hono: che decaide, eache tongue declarede my crimed:  
Thus I purchaseate hate of them that lou'd me most,  
And bare the name . for wort of al my line:  
Thus were the paue opprest, eache day by me and mine,  
A thousand hungry soules, within one pere made I,  
For meate and drinke, the countrey through to crye.

I was corrupt with couetise, I never had enough,  
For all my worldly treasure, yet ever was I nedye,  
As fast as I spoilde, al the countrey through,  
Pet with the Cormorant, I gaped alwayes grēdye,  
Therefore the rewarde of my wickednes came spedye.  
For my extorcion and samishing of the paue,  
Beholde howe I am quitt, with like for emroze.

Morpheus, moue thine acquaintance to take god heede  
Whome they appoint and put in authoritie,  
Let them bē sure, they shall answeare with spedye,  
For extorcting the paue, and other enemitez:  
Although they mistrust not, any transformitie.  
But always doe think, on the earth for to dwell,  
Whiche for comes death, and rewardes them ful wel.

## The rewardē

Who hated I so ill, as them which lou'de me best,  
Who gained at my handes, but such as taught me guile?  
Those that vsed me wrothly, I ever loued least:  
My practise was alwaye, my countrey for to spoyle,  
By meane whereof I did my name defile,  
And such as would in myne affaires hane dyed:  
Poste churlishlye, of thankes I have denyed.

Too many of this condicōn at these daies.  
Thus on this woylde, a God I alwayes made,  
Wherēin I thought to dwelle for evermoze:  
At my pleasure and will, the Countrey did innade:  
Passing not a pinne for the curses of the peple,  
If hee sylde not my bagges, I thrust him out of doore,  
As for mercye, at my hande, it wanted not to crane,  
They did but sturre my choler, moze cruelly to rane.

There I lou'de Vaineglorie most, he was my counsel chiese,  
Wantes no And priuate gaine of whome I spake before,  
pichthaks. And other such, as leare my subiectes with theyz teeth,  
As a Dogge a bone, they vsde my people powre,  
Of Lentales and Pichthaks, I alwaies had great store,  
Whos whispeiring saies, were Gospels in mine head,  
And thus in stede of truthe, with falsehood was I led.

My shoulders laden were, with woylde mucke,  
And yet mine eyes desired what I set:  
Thongh all the woylde were layde upon a rocke  
It never might hane satisfied myne eye,  
If more then inough, had halfe contented me,  
I might hane liu'de, in honour at my dayes,  
And of the peple hauē wonne immortall praise.

*Paulus.* Bytyme of woylde mucke, sic on it twenty times,  
To mutuall ennie, most men it doeth prouoke  
And vaineglorie, doeth teache a thousand carefull crimes,  
In every mischiefe, these two, doe euer strike a stroke,

## of wickednesse.

A deceiptfull sweetenesse, That bindes to Sathan's yoke

August.

An unfruiteful labour, a continuall dread and feare,

A dangerous aduaancement, The anthonys of dispaire.

Waineglorz alwayes, without repentaunce endeth,

Whose beginning without prouidence is:

Prouokes the Gods to wrath, the people it offendeth.

Who glozeth in this globe, that thinkes her doeth amisse?

Such there  
are.

Her gapeth like a gutton, soz gloze to bee his,

Whose eyes bee fixte into the Skies on hys,

And wilbeth winges aboue the Sunne to flee.

What greater follie can bee then to couet riches,

Dioge.

It tormentes the minde, and breakes the quete sleepes,

It vereth the heart, and myght away it twichis,

Many miserable thoughtes, in the conscience it kepes,

It shakes vp the stomacke, making fowlers of sweetes,

It shozzenth the life, as the Philosopher sayeth,

It makes Chilzen, & kinsfolke, withers of your death.

It keepeþ from doing Godlye charitable deedes,

Hora.

It causeþ the partie not cherishe him selfe,

Being never friendly to any man that nevres,

Dispatching eache man of they; perfite health,

Loe, there bee the frutes of this vile worldy pelse,

Which causeþ man, to live a misers life,

Whose ende is destruction, to man, mayde, and wife.

And with these wordes, the woefull sillye wretche

His Iawes ope casse, that boilde and burneþ with heate:

And withred starren armes, with violence doe stretche,

In hope to catche the slegbly tempting bayte. (eate,

Which hanges on flattering bowes, that flatters him to

And to his moxid mouth declines þ barked is ful dyre,

Wher the hungry soule, would eate, away þ fruite doþ

(flye.

## The rewarde

And stond on every side, swels vp with boylng iwanes,  
Wherain her standes an inche above the Chinne:  
Whose cruell thyng to dynke, no little craves,  
But when to taste, powre soule her doth beginne,  
It blencheth out of sight, as it had never bæne.

Then touched fruite, doeth beate him on the teethe,  
Appointed by the Gods, to woake him double griefe,

With face deformde, al quaking standeth her,  
Ten times wrose then death, the Catlike looks:  
Sought els vpon his legges, but skinne and bones to see,  
Each finger of his hande, as bare as angling hookes,  
His bellys as thinne, as out of season flowkes.

Suche like a shadowe of the Spone her standes,  
With rewfull cheare, doth wryng his carefull handes,

And after a while, amid his tormentes greate,  
*Marcus* (Quoth her) Oh Marcus Curius, blessed bæthy dayes.

*Curius.* Thou wast indifferent, thou dealt not with disceate,  
Thou wanst thy subiects harts, & wanst immortal paise:  
Thou wast a louing Capitaine, to men at al assaies.

For to thy people thou wast a Parent deare,  
As by thy noble actes, among them did appeare.

Thou didst devide the soyle, by iust and equall line,  
And to eache man, thou fortye acres gaue:  
Whiche ground before allotted was for thine.  
Yet like, so like, with least thou wouldest have,  
The faithful heartes of men, was al that thou didst crave.

Therefore thy iust rewarde, is with the Gods on hys,  
And through the earth, by fame, abroade both sye.

And wroide his head, and Morpheus straight behelde,  
Thou knowest my name (quoth he) I pray h[er] get the hencce  
To leaue my talke, by thyng I am compelde:  
The hungry worme, doth also woake me vengeance.

With

## of wickednesse.

With of my dedes thou hast true intelligence,  
Declare it to thy frindes, how ever they regard it,  
How I so; my wickednesse of Pluto am rewarded.

That will I doe (quoth he) the best I may o; can,  
To all the worlde diuulgat shall it be,  
My voyce shall thunder it out unto eche man,  
The rewarde of wickednesse that now I see :  
Doe so (quod Tantalus) and therewithall doth he  
Betwixt the fruite and gaylorfull fountaines baine,  
Watching wisheth soode to ease his hungry paine.

And thus we both departe, and went our way,  
This drearye doubtfull Myser, left we there,  
Whose thirste increaseth griefe, to see the pray  
That heart woulde haue in sight both aye appere.  
Strayght came Alecto, And she began to smere :  
(quoth she) thou oppresso, thy hunger still increase,  
To rewarde thy wickednesse, hope not to haue release.

No soner from the valley were we gone,  
But in our eares we hearde a carefull crye,  
Whiche sayde (alas) in Plutos kingdome none  
Sustaineth halfe the plagues that I doe taste and trye,  
Fie one worldeley woxkes, spe vpon them sye.  
(Quoth Morpheus) to me, make hast, we will go see,  
Who it is that plaines and mones so grieuouslye.

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## The booke's verdite vpon Tantalus.

The monstrous Camel, that slaping beast, & eake the sluggish Asse  
And Bayarde bolde, I may compare to many men alas.  
VWhich with the Camell beares awaye, the maske packe of pelse,  
Yet twise as flowre as sluggish Asse, but onely for themselfe.

The

## The rewarde

The lothsome loade of wished wealth, the haits hath so bewitcht.  
That Iustice, friendship, pitie, and loue, away is from them twicke.  
VVith brags they bouldly leape & plunge, nothing they do mistrust:  
As *Bayard* doeth, till at the length, to yeld to harme they must.  
These Beastes mee thinke doe wel present, the qualities of such,  
That with the *Camel*, drug and drawe, of worldlie wealth so much.  
As *Tantalus* the *Phrigion* did, the *Camels* part that plaide.  
VVhose mind frō *Midas* muck, in time, no counsel could haue staid.  
His Beastly heart beate that away, that body nor bones could doe:  
As some such *Camels* at these daies, are lately sturt vp newe.  
VVithin the circuite of our soile, which members beare of men,  
VVhose customes in their countrey is, to beastly now and then.  
For oft their greedy pauche devoures, their neigbours house & groud,  
Yea Pastures, Parks, whole fields, & Townes, &c al that may be found:  
VVhich passeth beast, or beastly bones, of worldlinges for to beare:  
Although their hearts do craue as much, as both they see and heare.  
They hooke and holde, with tothe and naile, by slight of wily braine,  
That which we see, each time and tide, doth walte like snow in raine.  
Goodes are ill gotte, which causeth losse, of endlesse ioy and blisse,  
To purchase paines, where lasting griefe, and tormente ever is,  
Marke this wel you mighties whome, the Lord appointest to rule,  
Lende not your eares in any wise, to Peter Pickthankes schole,  
His flattering fetche doth robbe you al, offamous honour due,  
VVhose painting pensel evermore, reprocheful colours hewe.  
And causeth curles of the poore, whose plaints the Lord doeth heare,  
Redressing streight their care & grief, throughout the earth etchewhere  
VThat *Camell* then more couetous, what *Aſſe* more dull of witte,  
VVhat boulder *Bayard* can be found, to keepe the lothsome pitte,  
The are these muckscrapers at these daies, that swallow yp the poore,  
VVhich haue to much, yet not content, but proule for more & more  
VVhose gluttons eies are never fulde, till gaping chappes bee full  
Of fuddie soile, and slimie slitche, where at this while you pull:  
And then your woeful soules bewaile, the daies your carkasse spende,  
In wickednes, and neuer could finde any time to mende.  
But wordes are wind, what will you more? No vertue is regarded:  
Be as be maie, the daie will come, your workes will bee rewarded.

FINIS.

GTb

## of wickednesse.

### *The reward of an Ambicious and vaine*

glorious counsller, called *Vetronius Turinus*: For his wicked life among them that he might ouercome, and for his Pride: whose wordes follow in the middes of his tormentes.



*Cage Tantalus hold still thy plaiting chaps.  
Be wate no more thy state, the lot is light enough,  
And if thou knelle of my mischaunce perhaps,  
And how I am torment, within this stinking clough.  
Contented wold thou be, where now thou art not so,  
And if thou selte but least of this my endles woe.*

*Fye of the face of sortunes smiling lokes,  
Whose sye deceye is sugred baytes to cast:  
The folishe syze to catche vpon hir hookes,  
That er ske from smiling mouth, the Iudas kille had taste.  
And such as ther hath set the bext of all,  
Wher most deliues to geue the greatest fall.*

*Who sittes so sure as in the simple seate?  
Who is so kitche, as he that reason doth content?  
Who scapes the boke, that leapes at enemys baite?  
Who meddles much at last that is not thent?*

*Who, yet who deales with craft that is not spides?  
Who bath not al mens wrath, that enuymore bath libes?*

*The lare pathe I never founde as yet,  
Whiche was to let all worldly thinges of nought.  
With Phanton, I thought above the stappre to sit,  
On worldly wreath was enuymore my thought.*

*Isodorus.*

*But custome teacheth al thinges ther little he,  
That to the shoul semeis greate, to worldly eye.*

*Who dwelles in Princes fauours that knowes him selfe,  
That the selfe forges not what he was.  
Whys lokes nat he, that is with worldly mealeis?*

## The rewarde

*Hermes.* Which slippes away as dewe vpon the graffe.  
Fye on it sye, it leades to endies fire,  
And meare destruction bringes, on them that it deliues,  
But in balleys to we, the quietest dwelling is,  
On lostye mountaines, the scorning blash doth blowe :  
*Phoenix.* The mounting Phenix, shall witnesse he of this,  
Who doth full well, the heartes of climbers shewe,  
Whose ende with her, doth meare destruction call,  
which doth from lostye syres, beloue to ashes fal.

Who with Icarus siermes to syre a lotte,  
Or with the Pine, his fellowes ouergrowes,  
That many times, with fortune is not boste,  
And with the Pine, be rente and spoile of bowes ?  
Who standeth in concepte, with folishe fonde Nessus,  
That in the end of his misfortune misse ?

But what auailde the strokes that I have read ?  
The wicked ende of none, might cause me to amende :  
I sawe long syth, howe every Tyrant spead,  
By worthy wisters, whose aches had Clerky pende.  
And theyr succes, that in such vice abounded,  
Howe shott they rainde, and were by God confounded.

But let me he, for so I maye no doubtte,  
Full well be made a mirrour to each one :  
What be in Princes lauour, & make them selues so stroue,  
(As I) unhappy wretched, haue bee not long a gone.  
I had so darke a witt to purchase worldy wealth,  
In vertue a very fale, and cleane deciu' de my selfe.

And with these boordes his paines so much increasest,  
That woe then mad, a thousand times be finges :  
Then to the brinkes of loathsome lake he prest,  
And cryed, behold, what wicked doinges bringes.  
Dyawe neare god Morpheus, barkan what I saye,  
And to thy friends repaid another daye.

## of wickednesse.

I was (quoth he) amaner to such degrā,  
And in the fauour ffeare, of Alexander grace:  
So much at last, that in all causes his  
Looke mine advise, in thinges that doubtful was.

My counsell lead him, ever as my list,  
Who had a fute, I not his friende, his purposē mist,  
All men gave place, when I in counsell close,  
Unto this noble Empourour, both night and day:  
My fane eache bothe, ereceafor Kyland rose,  
I laued whome my list, agayne I put a waye  
(Whome pleased me) and ruled me at will,  
I made both god, and had, full glad to please me still.

Vetronius Turinus, is my proper name,  
Chiese counsellour, this famous Empourour was  
Which bleard my inward eyes in tasting of the same,  
I could not know my selfe, as I was wont to doe.

Such incomparable sweetnesse is found in Dunces fano,  
Whom Fortune callcs so high, forgets their owne be-  
Such bay a white excedeth Loos fasse,  
Whose I match some Ichazan lips, the most doe wiser.  
Yet whosauer to gape, thereforee doth bally, and my da-  
Sal trye in thende Scordonia, plaine it is.

For sweetest meates, sour fance they saye is belli,  
This is, and ever moze, was bled at eache feast,  
Thus I elect, and chosen chiese of all,  
In secrete familiaritie, with this noble man,  
I was so puste with paine, I did misrule no falle,  
Thus eache mans heart, through dread and feare I wan.

A while I plaine the Beare, knipe both, young and olde,  
I kept them so in a line, to barke none durst his bothe,  
Thus every man of me & his stand in feare,  
Cestzons with burning knote, to tie his bothe,  
Thus I durst none, and the Empourour knewe,

Vetronius  
Turinus.

## The rewarde

I gaved so such glory as was not made notable,  
Thus like a chough, depaint in peacocke tayles,  
Amid the gulse of Calle, I boyle my rotten sayles,  
And at the length this one thing blinded me,  
When every man my lawfull fauour sought,  
Then I began to like both stroake and hit,  
I spake them sayle, when in warre ill I thought.  
Great bishes I did receyue, and mape all men beloue,  
That whome my list, I coulde both gladdie and grieve.

Thus Ritch I made my selfe, and moſt men paye,  
What to this noble Empouer any ſute proceſure ;  
And thofe of whome the Empouer made a floſe,  
Such meaneſs I wrought, that long he not indide,  
And yet a greater ſleight then this I uſed long,  
I dayly ſought to twyll all men with wrong.

Faire borde I ſeue them with, and nothing elles þue  
On other part their money I receyued,  
I eat their kinuels, and ſed them with the ſhelles,  
Who truſted me that ſcaped underþued,  
I playne the Mar'or, that liketh backs and rodes,  
And yet with loue, his boate contrarie ſlowed.

For where these lutes did aſope to knowe,  
By me this noble Empouer his pleaſure.  
Then woule I nodde my head, and ſrindely countenaunce  
(As who ſhoulde ſaye) abyde a nother ſeſtore.

Thus of the Empouer gracie determination,  
I made aſtrayre twore an occupation,  
Till at the length, all open with my countenaunce,  
Perceyning they ſabre with the ſabre, in my ſabre  
With open Jaines, made open exclamation,  
And earnest lokeſe call me to me ſabre.

Wherat report a poſte did ſayle ſo ſtrake ſayle,  
Whiche caſe heerewhile the Empouer ſeue me ſayle.

## of wickednesse.

Thus to this noble Princes eares at length it came,  
Appulgit all abroade, it was on every side  
And of the same accesse of every man,  
That rounde about me stode, and to the Empour cryde:  
    D<sup>r</sup> famous noble prince, incline thine eares to heare,  
    Turinus wickednesse, to that shall now appear.

Then all my former lyfe discolseted was,  
And prompte by credib<sup>e</sup> persons before my face  
Wher the Empour vnderstode both more and les,  
He iudgde me to be led into the market place.

Wh<sup>e</sup>re straungers were of countries far and nys,  
Wh<sup>e</sup>ch griende me worse, then twentie times to die.

In the market place, sometime where I with poore  
Wore like a Prince then other wise had walk<sup>e</sup> the stree<sup>s</sup>  
Wher to a Stake, my limbe<sup>s</sup> full fast they fys<sup>e</sup>,  
With cruell engins innent<sup>e</sup> for the nonce,  
Wher young and elde, stode rounde about to see,  
The fall of him, which earst did lukefull die.

Then hidden malice did shewe his furions face,  
Whose tonges before as swarts as suger remde:  
(And crying sayde) thou gaunt boy<sup>e</sup> of gracie,  
The p<sup>r</sup>esse is plaine, it was not as thou wende,  
Thou thought thou had our harts, because we cap<sup>e</sup> and  
Whish inwardly with spitefull hate we thidde.

Then curses blacke into the sties they sente,  
To all the Gods where mightis Jous doth sit,  
That after all this shame, Iaught be toome and rent,  
Within the puddle of Plutos strinking pitte.

And therewithall their harts a pace they clapp<sup>e</sup>,  
Greene stiches and stibble, about the stake they lay<sup>e</sup>.

And fire thereto, on every fiddell<sup>e</sup> set,  
Whose pristering smoke, mynded up the herte<sup>s</sup> of me,  
Then haling fames aboue me, (now to tell<sup>e</sup> all)

This execu-  
tion mas-  
heth people  
glad.

# The rewarde

To th'ende thereby my doubles paine might rise,  
Thus lingered life, with tormentes worse then death,  
By meanes of smoke comperte to yelde thy b'reath,  
Wherat with gladsome heartes rejoyced many a one,  
Cathy' great reproche of all thy blinde and hinc,  
Whith hast a Wedle Thumperout calde on,  
And straightly charge, about the stake that time,  
To sounce these moyses in th'ears of young and olde,  
With fumes to here he dieth, that fumes bath over felds,  
Thus confuson my gnedon quritte ful well,  
And payve my byre which I deserved best,  
The Gods also condemnde me into hell,  
Among the wicked sorte with whome I am possesse,  
The pompe of cruell Tyrantes ever darly tames,  
Loe this the lotte of wicked life in th'ende,  
Loke to your states, you that Connellois hit,  
You that perswade the nobles to offendre,  
Leave of betime for my rewarde you se,  
Be sure whosoever in wickednesse prieredes,  
In thende the Gods doe recompence their dares,  
How sayst thou Morpheus hast thou heade the like?  
Whome hast thou kingone to have a fall the minys,  
Coulde Fortune worke to me a greater spite,  
Then first to whirle me up, then cast me downe in fles,  
Wher least of all hit wach I did misstrate,  
From hert of Pelops turre, no helpe but doome I must,  
Thus through the coste I got sche pone inans curys,  
Whith shamefull death, and hellial latter dayes,  
A boore bought treasure, thus to fill my puris,  
To lose the joyes among the Goddesses for age,

## of wickednesse.

This sinche of sorow wherein he standes and vryes,  
With pitche and Swintone boyles by like a stoor,  
Wher serpents with their triple heans still yelling vyes,  
Whose crooked claves are bathed in his blode.

From out whose mouthes surburning flames arise,  
Which lightly in his face, or spoweth in his eyas.

Eche finger of his hande was turnd to ougly snakes,  
His teeth were chaunged to wormes Cestres like:  
His legges all serpentes, that dayly bengauice takes,  
Upon eche other, that beuenly gan smite.

His toes upon his feete, were silthe Toes to sic,  
That swide with payson as bigge as they might be.

His heart the Captaine of his slypghtis tongue,  
Transfornyd in likencysse of a Hedgehogge hinde:  
Before whose gracie mouth such ripe fruite was hong,  
As monstrous beast in hearte did wilde to finde.

Which when he toucht, they turnd to Scorpions all,  
Perforce his lippes from gaping chappes lets fall.

His guilefull tongue was turnd to Crocadyle,  
Amidde whose slyghtis heads brast out consuming coles,  
From out whose eyes fell droppes like gaddes of Steele,  
Wherewith sometyme he trappe paes fillie soules.

And molten golde into his mouth was pouarde,  
Whose gasping gummes most grately denourde.

And yet a greater griefe then this hande her,  
A plaine paine aboue the rest no doubt,  
An horrible stond, none such in hell to sic,  
Before him standes, whose voyce doth roare and shoure,  
Whiche yest among the Goode they losse that quickes ave,  
This ougly Crepy to him straight did declare.

Am with the Prelates begin this evill Clarke,  
To taunte the timent in stede with griefe to heart,  
Saying Euill shal be shewen to you all herke.

Imme de-  
formed.

The tri-  
ture alleas-  
ged then.  
¶ fol. 84.  
¶ fol. 14.  
¶ fol. 3.

# The rewarde

I am thy Curate, thou art my Parochian,  
Thou art (quoth he) and marks my saynges well,  
Else shall these hakes, with care thy corps compell.

And then these places of scripture straightlye readeſ,  
And shakethis Snakie head, with grinning teeth:  
And scotches him ſtill, with all his olde done bades,  
That then to heare, no little was his greafe.

And then this frowning Curate, braggingly gan boſt,  
Unto the wretch, what endles ioyes he left.

Thou haſt loſt (quoth he) my þout of meaſure,  
, All liberte, all light, all riotyng and health:  
, All wealth, all ioye, and glorioſe pleasure,  
, All honore, all power, al long of thy ſelfe,  
, With ſolace, and loue, unitie, concorde, and peace,  
, Wiſdom, vertuous melodye, and felicities increaſe.

, Picheneſ, and beatitude, from the iſle and gone,  
, And that in moſt glorioſe heaſtlye Citye:  
, Hope for; no redelle, be ſure heare iſ none,  
, But euer moſe, unſpeakable miserie,  
, This Den (quoth he), is ſtill the place of paineſ,  
, For ther and ſuch, of whiche the poore complaineſ.

, Holwe haſt thou loſt the company of Archangels,  
, With Thopethes, Patriarches, and Cherubins:  
, Powers, Thrones, Dominans, and Angels,  
, Confelloſs, Virginis, Martys, with blisſed ſcripturis,  
, Where righteous ſpirites, crafe not, bot alwayes ſing.  
, Holy, Holy, Holy, God of earth, and heaſtlyng.

, And with theſe moſe, with ſaints the ſaintes haſt thou loſt,  
, To ſome place with his ramble to exercyce his ſpirites:  
Wherat Turine call vp a beaſtful lake.

(Quoth he) god Morpheus take ſayth thy þeſt and thys,  
(Gies) together by the vefoul wicket end,  
It may þaſt much þarwiche if the þane iſ expellid  
But

## of wickednesse.

But Morpheus casting downe his heade for woe,  
Wirth one worde, couldē well prouounce almost,  
But sayd, come Robinson, I praye thee let vs goe,  
My heart doth wauche to see this grislye ghost,  
And then he wist that all offenders see,  
How Pluto doth rewarde all them that wicked be.

And thus we left Turinus in his paines,  
Whose wante of grace, we both lamented much :  
And there in Japle he shakes his limped chaynes,  
Whose bandes to breake, no moztall handes may tuck.  
His endlesse paines it botes not to bewayle,  
No sacrifice to Jone, can ought at all prouayle.

## The Bookes verdict.

**L**oethus to see him pulde, with raging hagges of hell,  
That whilom thousandes rulde, esceemed with Princes well,  
I meruell in my minde, such men should plagued bee,  
VVhome Fortune hath assinde, vnto such dignitie.  
But now I doe perceyue, none such the Gods will spare:  
That poore men doe bereaue, of money goodes or ware,  
Or whome by counsell seemes, to blinde their Noble eyes :  
VVhose iudgements best esteemes, and quites with double fees,  
Or such as sentence sel, by slye and cloked craft :  
And harmelesse soules compel, a fruitelesse tree to graft.  
On these the Gods doe powre, their wrath by whole consent :  
And alter in an houre, the wickedes yll intent,  
Regarding not at all, their state lie hie degree :  
But shortlye ggiue the fall to such as climbe to hie,  
*Turinus* now hath lost his prince that lou'de him best :  
And such as hate him most, ioyde thus to seg him drest.  
VVhat profittes blubberd teates? The Gods have iudged thee :  
How long or fewe yeres, (they know) so doe not wee.  
To leaue thee in thy paines, of very force I must :  
No hope but this remaines, a warning fayre I trust.

FINIS.

K

¶Tb.

## The rewarder

### The wofull complaint of the mon-

strous Emperour *Hellogabalus* for spending of his  
dayes in abhominable whoredome.

**S**o Morpheus thou art come to take the veire  
of Plutos kingdome where the wicked guerdon haue:  
Of all the rest thou haue se; or kneiue,  
I am the markes to guide the rest from scath,  
Loe howe I lie, that earst did florish brane,  
and yet Turinus thinkes be hath much iuong,  
I haere him bither, vpon the furies rauie,  
yet not such cause as I, Turinus holde thy tongue.

Oh how tickle is the stye of honoys hie :  
what doth auiale a while to guide the earth ?  
Th' example plaine appeareth now by me,  
an Empour once descendē of noble birth,  
My triple crowne that was abundaunce lewth,  
my Sceptre sette with Saphires rich to see :  
My sworde that helde in feare such mirth,  
as never yet was beuode by any eye.

Nor yet the sounde of great renouned fame,  
thoſh all the worlde I helde in feare and awe,  
What can excuse the leaſt of blotted blame,  
nor that the Gods at all regarde a strawe.  
(No Morpheus no) who doth offend their lawe,  
although he were ten times as high againe :  
Upon the snap they catche him in a flawe,  
their haſtie marteſ flies ouer hōde amaine.

Upon the rocks the shaken Hull is caſt,  
that providely hoſt his layle before on hie :  
And so unwares they periſh with a blāſt,  
the which before miſtrusted not to die.  
Then from the ſtinking gayle the ſpite doth flie:  
and as the dunghill ſecke, hath ſpent his dayes,

## of wickednesse.

The filie soule, in bale of blisse shall bée,  
thus vice & vertue hath rewarde alwayes.

Unhappie wretch I was of Rome fled,  
and by consent of all the rulers there,  
The noble Senate chose me to protec<sup>t</sup>,  
but when in hande the fearefull sworde I beare,  
Not onely Rome, but through the whole Empire,  
I quight forgot my selfe, and place they set me in:  
When did my filthie nature straight appere,  
the hidden smoke, to flasching flames begin.

For after that I had in hande to rule,  
and that my sworde to lose and bide had powrer,  
I brought the Senate to a nother schole,  
eraffling vice much bier then Pelops fower.  
The Sages graue expulsing every houre,  
new Lordes, new lawes, it did appere by me:  
Thus Rome to ruyn I brought from honour,  
from vertue to vice, great shame and infamie.

Thus first of all, when I from Syria came,  
to Rome to rule, and royll scripture guide,  
Heliogabalus the Romaine blode may banne,  
I was a meane to laye their fame aside,  
Wisdome nor vertue I never might abyde,  
In boute and beastlie toyes alwayes I dwelde,  
All such as sinne to recte I did deride,  
to filthie living a thousande I compeide.

*Varius  
Helioga-  
balus.*

And thus of Rome that was a mirrour cleare,  
from whome at first all nations knowledge hadde,  
Of honour, vertue and powres the name did beare,  
in myste of filthie slander by me was labde  
Wherent the prouent men wept teares full fadde,  
to set the vyle abuse that then I set afoft:  
Vertuous Virgins then to die were glaore,  
vuranish fewe scap, that might be caught.

## The rewardē

Insatiable was my swelling luste,  
my pampered fleshe to whoredome was addite:  
I lokte on none but needes consent they must:  
Lose thus (alas) with vice I was afflited.  
I woulde the mothal lance in temer youth had sticke  
my wicked heart that wickednesse desired:  
Then shold not now no Plutos surge prickte  
this soule of mine, that here in flames lyeth fyzed.

If Atis chaunce betime, I had sustaineide,  
then had I quenchd the sparke that bzed unrest:  
My wretched sprite, that nowe in hell is painde,  
among the Gods in blisse had been possesseid.  
Whom nowe thou hast with tormentz stell opprest,  
and also scapest on earth, reproche and shame:  
Unhappy Rome, then had thou twise been blesst,  
that nowe for emeroye behayles the same.

Sar.  
danapalus  
the last As.  
sirian King  
lived too  
vile a life  
to bee re-  
hearsed.  
The last Asirian King in filthy life,  
I did excide a thousand kyns of wayes:  
All Rome throughout, I rauishd Maide and wife,  
of Virgins ever, I made them common prayes,  
Thus spent I my wicked fleshy dayes,  
I made a Senate, of harlottes and bawdes:  
In open sight I kept no better playes,  
then filthily to use these common Janes.

Thus houses builded I, for scholes of sin,  
to ayde them with I gave them largely treasure:  
The vertuous Patronis, I pluckt them quickly in,  
compelling them unto this filthy pleasure:  
(Alas, alas) I past al Godlye measure,  
there was no he, with me: who durst denye?  
But if they had, I spied such a treason,  
that from their shoulders, I made their heads to lye.

Into the handes of Balades, I did commis,  
the greatest dignitrye of the Publicke speare.

## of wickednesse.

To common Rybates, boye of grace and wittie,

I gaue authoritie, aswell to chose as deale.

Who had a sute to me, that did pessale,

except in Lechery, he did excede.

The vertuous sort were ener sure to sayle,

when as the wickedes, every turne did spide.

Luxurious meates and vynches, never sought,

a thousand waies I travayled for the same.

Upon the Publike weale the least I thought,  
to labour after lust, that was my game.

If I should publishe halfe by proper name,

the life of late, I shalwes led in vaine.

The fynest heare it wold both tire and tame,

therfore to trouble theare I will not no beginnes.

What shoud I speake of noble famous Dukes,

that from the Senate, by violence I post.

Or of the sage wise Spyltors, that with redudes,

I cruellly, out of the Senate chose.

I catch the bitter bisket, and losse the pleasant but,

two Carters I chose to hit my counsell chise.

I blidlye dwelle to shote at blanked But:

which was the cause of leaue of all my grieses.

Protogenes the tene of thes were calpe.

Cordius, the other had by proper name.

These two through boyme the common wealth forfide,

to the losse of my honour, and great increas of shame.

For vice florished, and vertue waxed lame.

Vitellus in gluttony, alwayes I did excede.

Wanton meates for the nonce, then I gan frame,

to pamper the paunches, when nature hit me lede.

What shoud I telk of the strange kyns of fishes,

so rare dñeith no man can knowe them well:

which at one meale, ten thousand dines,

with as many halfe as for the fiftie excell, no lede.

It is  
nedchall for  
Princes &  
noble men  
to cal sage,  
with a leare  
ned mister  
de of their  
counsell, &  
such as be  
Gentlemend,  
well know  
ght vp.

Protogenes  
& Cordius  
two slaves  
boyme.

Vitellus  
at one supp  
per was ser  
ued with 7  
thousand  
fishes, and 5  
thousand  
fowles.

## The rewarde

The like ere nowe, hath any man heard tell  
an Emperoure to leade (alas) like gluttons lifet  
Pong tender Paides, alwayses I did compell,  
throughout Italic, with many a noble wife.

Unaboun-  
able thing  
and dam-  
nable.

And when I had suffisid by violence,  
my filthye fleshe, yet not contented so:  
I ripte theyz wombes in open audience,  
theyz tender halvelles, and seceretes for to shew,  
In progressi, when I did deute to goz,  
with meire hundred Chariots of barlots went:  
In stede of Sage, and noble counsels too,  
thus I my lime in wretchedesse shill spent.

And such as chese to me I did appoint,  
and ordaine greatest rule of all to bear:

The sentence of my same, the villans ioynt,  
I innocent, the soveraynt the nenne,  
They fed me with solye they whisperid in mine eare,  
Zoticus that varlette, a flane and dunghill boorne:  
To home of nougnt to noblenes, I did by teare,  
in thende rewarded me with double scorne.

He playd by me, as Turinus did before,  
by noble Alexander, who guerdon gane:

(So well) that same, for evermore,  
soundes by his paule for quiting of that knane.  
What shoulde I saye, it is but paine to rane,  
for in time I had no grace this to prevent:  
But he that will thus much exalt a flane,  
him selfe shalbe the hell, that shall repente.

Because this varlette, Zoticus did excell  
in all wicked vices most abominable:  
I preferre him to the greatest living that fell,  
both Realmes & Kingdome, with countreys honorable:  
To no man vertuous I seemed comparable,  
but onely to falle as abounded in flane.

## of wickednesse.

To these and such like, I was ever tradable,  
when eache man loseth, these knaves do winne.

The Devil so kindled his fire in my breake,  
and fostered in me such detestable vice,

Because Alexander was not slaine, I could not rest,  
that was mine Abones sonne both learned and wise.

To poysone him I offered Jewelles of great pice,  
because my wickednesse so much her hated:

One while treason, I conspired with Spies,  
in diners drynkes and meates, his death I animated.

But no we behold the gnedon and rewarde,  
of filthy vyle and detestable life:

And howe the Gods they, seruautes doe regarde,  
defending them from murders bloody knife.

My ende ful wel, maye warne both man and wife,  
for Alexander, whom I thought to kill:

Hee scape the snare, when I began to drise,  
the first I was my selfe, that in the same do spill.

For he through vertue, wanne the noble heartes,  
of thancient Senate, and commons of the same:

In whose safegarde, not one from other staries,  
but with consent, togeather loyntly framme.

And thus beganne with me, that tragicallise game:

Tyrantes can not raigne, experience long bath taught:  
The Gods that suffer long at length doe blame,  
the wicked imagination, they ever bring to thought.

For by procuring Alexanders death,  
I halfe mine swine to my life agraving:

Spy wicked seruautes, like Traitors falsof faith,  
were shonely conspiratours, and emisers of my dyng:

They leue me adherentes, and put me to syng,  
my familiars a thousand wayes they kille

Before my face, I standing by and bying,  
so late durst not speake, but as almynd god,

But

## The rewardē

*Semiamira  
his mother  
a vicious  
woman.*

But how I yelved, it's shame to make relation,  
I fled into a prisone, and there was take,  
My mother murdered on the same sorte and fashion,  
Our funeralles togidre, amidde that dounge we make.  
Loe my rewewe so; filthy whoresomes sake,  
The Gods forgot me not, they quittē me home,  
They cast me heade long into this fieng lake,  
Upon the earth for aye god lame is gone,  
(Alas) Morpheus yet thou knowst not all,  
I praye thee bide a while and heare the rest,  
I am sure as yet, thou never hearde like fall,  
of noble birth, hatcht in so high a nest,  
But what preuailes where vice is so possēt,  
A while I culde, and tumbled in my sinne:  
I wanted nothing, that monstrous life request,  
of seare I frustrate was, I dyed not God a pin,

Therefore mine odious corps thronghout the Cittie,  
With blisters they drew, both up and downe the stretes  
With odoure syde, no man of me had pitie,  
hauiters of hempe were both our winding shetes,  
Fie on him diuine, they strickt & cryde like spires,  
With clapping bandes eche one reioyst to see,  
With wordes of great reproche the furies had delites,  
my olde deserued dedes to wreake on me,  
Then to the commonakes they drenged me,  
at the stithiest conduit downe they woulde me cast,  
But that it was to narrow, at least by fingers thre,  
or else I had bene shrynd within that dounge at last,  
But then tyed to a myghtie mylstones full fast,  
into the boordes Tiber, was I thowtē, and drownd yē,  
Wheres many a worthy shippe hath passē, glosēd  
the tumbling streams was made my tumbē and thame,

Loe Morpheus he, that was a seruē of lynch,  
that earst from nauys to Princes mates I brought a  
Welholde

## of wickednesse.

Beholde they ades, to whome I gane so much,  
aboue the rest, my misaduentures sought:  
But alas, the ende of wickednesse is naught,  
the Gods alwayes, take vengeaunce at the length:  
I thought I shoulde the fixed starres haue raught,  
but yet abated was my hawtys heart and strength.

At the age of one and twentye yéeres I dyed,  
and monstros Heliogabalus they calde my name:  
To my reproche, report the same hath cryed,  
who heard therof, that made not spozt and game?  
And loke who leades my life, shal euer last the same,  
utter confusson, hasteth soz his praye:  
Perdurable mischiesse, comes after fast with shame,  
and makes they paspozte at the latter daye.

But Morpheus, to tell the all my beastly ades,  
an hundreth Clarkes were not able to pen them:  
And againe whosoever shoulde heare of like factes,  
so detestable they are, it woulde but offend them.  
But I praye the warne thy friendes to amend them,  
my gilte thou hast hard, my paines thou dost see:  
To repent betime, I praye God to send them,  
soz be sure wicked dædes, are rewarded wickedly.

Bid them sye whoredoms, and vyle vicious dædes,  
they are sure to leaue Gods Kingdome soz euer:  
Honest men doe hate them, as nettles oz wædes,  
but shame and ill report leaueth them never.  
At length theyz owne Opinions doe like theyz decaye,  
on whome pursues death, of life the berener:  
Whiche makes an end of beggery, committing hell the pray,  
if they in wickednesse, vnto the ende perseuer.

And with these wordes this wicked wretche,  
among his tormentes, was toylcd so soze,  
With a pitifull lookes, his hande sozth did stretche,  
as who saye a dewe, I can speake no moze.

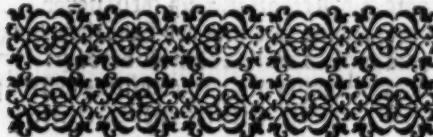
## The rewarde

His mother in a flaminng puddle began to roare,  
the Devill put in vse his terrible trade:  
With greater spite then accustomed before,  
so terrible to heare the noyse that then they made.

This monstrous Emperour in hell thus stode,  
tyed fast by the members on a snake whale:  
Which ran about as if it were wode,  
Invironde with Dawdes as blacke as the De'yle  
Voked for the nonce with hole glowing steele,  
which Butchered his bowels about his feete:  
And so to rewarde his wickednesse whale,  
Thinfernall fire, streight way they beyte.

Wherat anone such smoke there doth arise,  
with leade that boyles, in stomes like raging seas,  
And with a swinche, a thoulante Dragons fyses,  
ten times as fast as snoyle in windie dayes.  
Grypes as gracie as wolves that leake their prayes,  
and on him gnaue, that myser tyed full fast:  
The cruell whale doth bounse, and never stayes,  
Loe, thus his paines so; euer moare doth last.

And thus we left this wretch(that dwells in endlesse pain)  
A number so; to bewe, that crying did complaine.



of wickednesse.  
¶ The Bookes verdit.

W Hen filthie lust doth guide, and hath the helme in fist:  
Beware the winde and tyde, take heede of had I wist.  
A wilfull mate is hee, for to direct the waye :  
He doubtes no perill nie, in sayling on the sea.  
But hoyse alof the cries, it blowes a merie blast :  
And so at randome flies, while youthfull life will last.  
At *Capbars* lampes they runne, with hoyseful sayle amaine:  
VVhich seemeth like the *Sunne*, in sight of feble braine.  
A stale that leades the way, to *Seyllas* sandy cost:  
VVhich drinketh every day, their blood through folly lost.  
*Caribds* greedie lawes, lye gaping euerie houre :  
And whom shee catcheth in hir clawes, shee spares not to devoure.  
But loe the prancke of pride, and race that rudenesse runnes :  
The ende of wanton workes are spide, se how destruction comes,  
Marke rushing youth, how vaine he spendes his retchelesse dayes :  
Note well how pleasure breedeth paine, a thowsande kinde of wayes,  
If puffing pompe with golde, might ease this Princes paine :  
Or force of armed champions bolde, could helpe his grieve againe:  
Then all his scrikes and cryes, had quite bene husht and stilde :  
So had his eares and eyes, with worldlie workes beene filde.  
If I shoulde make rehearse, what his offences were :  
Although in prose or verse, it woulde corrupt the eare,  
The Gods abhorde his dayes, the worlde doth sounde his shame:  
And vengaunce vengaunce manie wayes, agreeth to the same :  
VVhat profites now his sporfe, wherein he playde the beast,  
VVith all his bawdes resorte, or eke his gluttons feast.  
VVhat now auailles his crowne, with precious stones beset ?  
Or and he had as great renowne, as mortall man might get.  
Sith mighties know not when, the Goddess will knoeke and call,  
No more then other poorest men, that simplest be of all.  
Therefore looke well about, keepe filthie lust away :  
Beware I say the hidden doubt, that lyes in secret sea.  
Let vertue guide the helme, and wisdome hoyse the sayle :  
So shal you voyde the daugers great, that might your voyage quayle.

FINIS.

## The rewardē

### *The two Judges for slaundering of Susanna: and bearing false witness against her, be rewarded for the same most terribly.*



Prst to this place when happed vs to bytte,  
A rōme we founde where best we myght beholde  
Of euery side that stinking Stygion pitte,  
That all the rest excelde a thousandde folde,  
S tuft full to th' top it was of young and olde,  
(But as I sayde before) a couple there we sē,  
Whose tongues behind were halde with hooches full hie.

Befo're their faces with trumpet boarste and vimme,  
To powting mouth a monstre fell doth set,  
Whose hōpce increaseth care that be the hearing in,  
With soming lawe, his tēth beginnes to whet.  
His glozing eyes with sparkes of fire stet,  
He casteth vnder clowdes, and stints his trumpet streite,  
And with a ratling speech declares these wordes on heite.

(Duothe he) sith slaunder is committed to my charge,  
And that it pleaseth Pluto my service to accept,  
Within this pitte mine office wide and large,  
His lawes and statutes streight shall be full truely kept.  
And therewithall alost anon he lept,

From the gibbet cutes their tongues wherby they bange,  
And like a madde man in a rage into a furnasse flange.

Wher molten brasse doth boyle as redde as glēdes,  
I blende with sulser, p̄tche and stinkinc tarre,  
And scaldes the scotterd tongues that wounded blēdes,  
Whose syng-streame may well be spied a farre,  
From bottoine low which mounth from height to harre.

And

## of wickednesse.

And dims the chissall skies, & beames of glering light,  
But that we stode so neare had we lost the sight.

Tartarus hath this pitte to proper name,  
Which is in hell most yzkosome place indede,  
And is appoynted wicked tonges to tame,  
That doe delight in sclaunders to procede,  
Who bryeth bate that well doth after spedre?  
Who stains the vertuous man by false surmised way,  
That in the ende least pennie doth not paye?

TARTARUS.

For myghtis loue that doth in heanens sitte,  
To forze commaundes Vulcanus fast to bye,  
Newe thundring boltes to make soz euerie pitte,  
Wheras these sлаundrous wzctched verlottes lie.  
Who many thousands wzought, and downe sende byz byz,  
Which boltes the cruell Jayloz in sturdy Bow doth set,  
And cruelly flinges, with heade full sharpe iwhet.

Into the mouth and throught the tonges they flie,  
Of eyther of these lyther sлаunderous mates:  
Wheras consuming coales as red as serpents eye,  
Doe euer lodge as porters of the gates,  
Two serpentes euer late vpon their pelled pates.  
And euer throught the skull they pell the bzaine,  
Yet alwayes as it wasted it still increast againe.

In shooting thunderboltes and arrowes as I saide,  
At these false accusers, and bzæders of unrest,  
That ougly Geyloz chaunst holde vpon his heade,  
And Morpheus spide, whome then he did request,  
To come and see how lyvers there were dæst.  
For this the place (quod hæ) that sлаunder doth reward,  
Though many thousandes not the same regard.

And then with filthy sozke their iawes abzoades he set,  
Whizn whose monthes were bzodes of scorpions hatche,  
Whose hunger not slackt but they might alwayes get

## The rewarde

Some part of wicked lime, thus at his tongue they snatch:  
And yet it doth encrease their grēdie guttes to hatche.

Yet they bē neuer silde, nor hee consume no deale,  
Loe, thus they taste of woe, that scanderous lies do tel.

I saye come neare this Tayler sayd againe,  
And what thou seest among thy friendes report:  
Though sclaundre bē torment with double paine,  
Yet cuery daye thou seest I haue resorte:  
No double I trowe, they thinke it but a spoote.

For els they tongues from lies they would applie,  
To mightie loue they ought so mercye crye.

For if they doe not mende in haste, bē sure  
I will mine office yeld (quoth he) no double:  
Elles a larger dominion, I meane so to procure.  
For this is full you see, already round about:  
And now such scanderers come, that bē so stout  
And with so Clarkly cunning, their matter sorge & pain,  
That certainly I can yeld them equal pains.

But chiefly who be these (quod Morpheus) would I know  
That thus aboue the rest, so cruelly bē used:  
(Quoth he) two Judges in Israell long agoe,  
That scandered Susanna, whome they would abused,  
By fleshly deedes they thought to haue misused,  
This vertuous wife and noble woxthy Dame,  
Whom when she would not, accuse her with the same.

But bide a while (quoth he) them selues shal make report,  
And when thou hearest them, Judge as thou thinkest best:  
And with these wordes out of that filthy soot,  
With crooked hooke, he halde them by the brest:  
Whome when I viewed, with hande my selfe I blst.  
If I should tell of their deformed looks,  
The rediest tongue, would tyre to reade the booke.

When by they cast their eyes, & Morpheus there behelde,

With

## of wickednesse.

With woefulste loke, that ener eye did heve:  
For very sorow with whorsy noise they yelde,  
And crying sayde, oh happy dayes a dewe.

Daniel. 13.

Ewoe woe to the daye alas, that Father vs begot,  
And cursed be our byrth, our mother heve vs not.

Woe two in Israel whilome Judges were,  
That al thing rulde among the Iewis: Nation:  
In Babilon one Ioaachim, dwelling there,  
And then among the Iewes in mighty estimation,  
By meanes whereof to our contentation,  
No house so fitte as his, for vs to lye and bee,  
Of whome againe no man moze glad then bee.

Whiche Ioaachim one Susanna toke to wife,  
The onely Daughter of Helchia Just:  
That lained chaste and vertuous all her life,  
Who in the Lorde did ever put her trust:  
Whose ardent beawty, syzed vp our lust  
So flamingly that like a gleyde we wrold,  
This noble Dames chaste life to haue defilde.

As in the thirtaenth of Daniel, there it doth appeare,  
What sleight we used burning in her loue:  
To come by our purpose, we brought her in dispayre,  
For thus we swere by al the Gods above:  
Except shre did consent that shre should hastely prone,  
For that we had her there, we sayde we woulde accuse  
In filthy fornication we found ar an abuse her. (her

Daniel. 13.

We stealing in before the Marcharde dores were bard,  
The rather then we thought our purpose to haue had:  
But naked though shre stode our talke shre not regarde,  
O Lorde (quoth shre) nowe am I hard beestad:  
Alas shre sayd, these ylles are bothe two bad.  
Yet had I rather byde these Tyrants accusation,  
Then so to yelde and woake abomination,

Whiche

## The rewarde

Whiche when we saw with open mouthes we cryed,  
Iye vpon this woman, an adulterelle (quod we)  
At the which al the seruautes hasted fast and byed,  
And vp they brake the dwres, and in with spedē they fleg.  
Wee accusing her, reported this weē se.

Wherat the seruaunts sad, made sorrow for the same,  
For why before, no man could staine her name.

Upon the morrowe before the elders all,  
Weē falselye did accuse her there, vpon the same :  
But shē in prayer, vpon her knēs did fall,  
And calde vpon the Lord, in praysing of his name:  
Whose eares heard wel her plaint: for shē from shame,  
By God delivred was: and weē to thalbome brought,  
The same weē had, as weē this Lady thought.

For by an Inlauntes mouth, sturde vp by God,  
The verye truth of all our thoughtes revealde:  
And in a worthy sentence, divulgate al aboade,  
So that there was no Jote nor title once concealde:  
And that weē both, lith then haue soze bewaile.

Daniel was his name, the Prophete of .or Lord,  
That sau'de his seruaunt, according to his wo:de.

And thus weē were reprooued of our false intent.  
Susanna, set at libertie with lye and tripple praise:  
Daniel vpon vs, gaue his cruel iudgement,  
Loe, thus at mischiefe ended weē our dayes:  
The Gods condempne vs, heare to lye alwayes.

In paines perpetuall, whose endles woe no tongue  
Is able to describe, that weē haue suffered long.

And wo:ld with wo:lds, withouten ende and ends,  
Shall here bewaile our wilfull sclauderous tonges:  
And yet on earth are some that in the same offendes,  
And thinke the Gods forget, because they suffer long:  
(No no Morpheus) they doe reuenge eache wron:g.

And sclauder scapeith not, but heare is double quittie.  
Wee iudge, tha: lest vs thus tormentedit in this pitte.

This

## of wickednesse.

This odious bale throughout thou shalt not sit,  
The like to vs our plagues so fasse increase:  
Wishē al thy friendes therefore, like sclander soz to sit,  
Soz heare theyz paines loe, never haue release.  
Crye therfore betime, their tongues from sclander ceate,  
He that from one oþ other theyz honest name doth take,  
Before the Gods a great offence doth make.

Soz we unhappy wretches so much desired,  
To haue the bie of this sayd noble Dame:  
That like a gleide our inward sprites were syzed,  
Our purpose to obtaine, we soz no sinne nor shame:  
But when we were denied, we fassely layve the blame  
Upon that vertuous wight, that never did offend,  
Soz our reward therfore behold the ende.

Some thinke theyz heales be hoist, where head shall never  
Whose eyes be blerd in gloz baine & bade, (come,  
And in theyz douthes conceypt, they thinke to gene y dome,  
Wher they were never yet to counsel calde,  
Whose purpose misse, theyz wilful blod doe scalde.  
Theyz Lordly heastes mand vp with beggers purse,  
Doth worke the thing which afterward they curse.

But yet at mischiefe the scandering tongue doth ende,  
The prose is plaine, if grace might guide the way:  
The Gods doe still theyz seruantes true defende,  
The wicked man doth ener lose his praye:  
And in his pride comes sonest to decaye.  
He falleth through his owne imagination,  
As here by vs the ende both make probation.

O sclaunder, sclander, alas, woe worth the time,  
That ever we from hateful heart let sit:  
By trifling tongue, those wicked darte of thine,  
To wounde theyz states that liued vertuously.  
Take heede therefore al you that sclaunderers be,  
Though our faults therfore with you bee not regarded,  
Assure you yet, with vs you are rewarded.

## The rewardē

And with these wōdes the cruell Taylor straigft,

With horriblie gromeling noyle his trumpet soundes :

Wherē at like Cadmus ſēde they b̄awle and fight,

With crooked bookeſ eche one an other woundes.

To whomē comes Alecto and ſcowlīng frownes,

With greater plagues for to rewardē theſe lyers,

And with hir breath ſettes all on flaming fierſ.

Wherēat I bleſſ me to beholde their paines,

Rauifh of my wiſe almoſt, I went awaie.

Then when I thought how many herc remaines,

Whiche practise nothing moſe then flaundre night & daye:

Thought I tis best from flaundre that you ſtaye.

Accufe not true Sufanna, the Lorde protecſt hir ſtill,

His ſeruaunt he defends and you ſhal want your will.

Away (quod Morpheus) I heare a meruels crye,

It ſemes not farre, I wonder what it is :

With ſeeking vp and downe, at length did there eſpie,

A nother was rewardeſ for his wickedneſſe ;

Along (quod Morpheus) to know what noyle is this,

And ſo we ſtayne, whereas we heard one ſay,

To wicked men your iuft rewards for aye.

## The Author to the twoo Judges.

Whose tongue hath beene defylde with flaundres heretofore,  
That humbly weepes not like a chyld, with great reþeting ſore.

O wicked wretches fy, your Guerdon now is quit :

In Tartarus loe where you lie, that did in judgement ſit.

Take heede you boasting blabbes, that Innocentes defyle :

You ſhall be whipt with cruell roddes, within this little while.

VVhat ſinfull deeđe is this, that woman to accufe,

That neuer yet was knowne amisse, hir body to abuse ?

Howe dare you be ſo boldy, your neyghbors for to ſpoyle,

Of greater treaſure then of golde, or fieldes of fertill loyale ?

The

## of wickednesse.

The mountes of *Mylas* pelfe, no crownes that Princes were :  
Nor yet king *Alexander* welth, to sell not halfe so deare.  
As is the honest name, whome euill tongues deuoure,  
Er now, that never yerned blame, are blotted in an houre.  
But you that flauderers bee, to minde *Susanna* call :  
And prayse the Lorde, so shall you see Gods vengauice on them fall.  
For *Jacob* was acculde, poore man that thought none ill :  
Alas how long hath spite bene vsde, of them that want their will :  
The flaudering tongue is such, if thought doe wag awry :  
To winne the wager heele not grutche, thus to proclayme and cry :  
That this or that I might, and will, and pleaseth mee :  
And thu, I ought to haue of right, and sweres it so to bee.  
Thus haue I done sayth hee, when truth is nothing so :  
Or else he sayth that this I see, to worke the parties wo.  
And thus accused are, it pitith me to heare,  
*Susanna* that be guiltlesse, a thoufande in a yare.  
Therefore you filthie Judges, your ende I ioye to see :  
Now lye without refuge in hell eternallie.  
You sprang of *Cadmus* seede, your nature plaine doth sho :  
But yet the Goddes at length doe weed, all such his seruauntes fro.  
VVith *Joachim* I doe reioyce, *Susanna* thus to see  
Elected by Goddes holie voyce, with Aungels for to bee.

---

## Pope Ihoan rewarded for his wickednesse.



He time that mostall men doe herz abide,  
Within this woldre that lasteth not an houre :  
If fortune channes to smile vpon their side,  
Then still they striue from bar to higher power.  
Content with present state not one there liues,  
But such as shoule liue best, the wort example giveth.

Much woulde haue more, the proverbs olde both say,  
Tis true in dede, much no man both content ;  
For more and more all men doe gape ecbe daye,

## The rewarde

They thinke the wrold will last and not be spent,

Ob very soles, deceyued soule ye bee:

If shappe be on your sides example take by me,

To know my life, and what I was sometime,  
Who lynes and ses me lie amiddes this endelesse wo,  
That wrold not doubt the like rewarde in fine,  
That I deserved iustly long ago?

I must confess my paine to little is,

Though twentie times it were much worse then this.

Varke what I say the stoutest among you all,  
Who fitteth best that hath not cause to feare?  
Some blasp doth blow that gines the grievous fall,  
Its often scene even once in twentie yere,

Though Fortune boyle the seates of some aloft,

Pet her delightes to cast them downe as ofte.

Nothing moze bytter is then state of man,  
Both night and day experience doth appere:  
Yet notwithstanding, who doe not what they call,  
To live like Goddes as long as they be hieere?

Though time do teache, al thinges begunne must ende

No mendement yet I see of such as doe offend.

Except the Gods they thought soz to dispplace,  
From out their seates wherein they sitt on hie:  
Or that from loue soz to dispsole the mace,  
Wherewith he rales the earth and all the skie:  
Else wot I not what all this mischiefe meane,  
For Codrus lorde of Gods, ritch men disdaine.

On heapes to Pluto headlong here they runne,  
Hell scarseth able the halfe part to holde:  
The fater is to ment soz wronging of his sonne,  
And eke the sonne soz like in triple fode.

The mother for the daughter sustaines wo:

The daughter for the mother, and many other mo.

But

## of wickednesse.

But how happy be they that welth do not taste,  
And that with pouertie yelde thankes to the Gods?  
No doubt above the starres all such men are plaste,  
They be not scourged nor whipped with our roddes.

Therefore by our harmes learne to be warned,  
Else shall you be sure with us to be charmed.

At the which wordes then Morpheus alosse did call,  
What art thou (quod he) tell me thy name streight way?  
(Wher aunswered) and sayde: even so with sped I shall,  
If it please thes here a while to bide and stay.

And if it be not long I am content (quoth he)  
And so with woful plainte these wordes declared he.

O Morpheus Morpheus I am that wofull wight,  
That once did sitte in Peters seate and place:  
A man I seemde to be alas in all mens sight,  
And yet a wicked woman the lesse my grace.

His wordes  
spoken to  
Morpheus

I did take upon me the Gosspell for to guide,  
Yet contrarie both I and mine did live besyde.

And Iohan was I calde, and of my birth a Citle,  
Named Maience toke hir proper name:  
Brought vp in learned scoles the more great pitie,  
That grace had not bene lincked to the same.

Learning I loued of all ritchesse vnder heauen,  
Till I conquered the knolledge of Sciences seauen.

I refused my countrie and strindes everyone,  
Many a pranince I travayled to and fro,  
Better learned then my selfe I met not with one,  
Of what estate or degrae he were, high or lowe.

And in all these places where ever I came,  
I was thought among the people to be a very man.

In Englande once I was the countrey to peruse,  
From thence to Rome I did returne with sped,  
Within the which I did no deale refuse.

## The rewarde

Cramer, Sophistry, Logike, and Rethorike, so to rede,  
My fellowe not sounde, so ready was my braine, and  
Nothing wanted Morphew, but grace I tel this plaine.

In Lotaries time, that Emperour was then,  
After the death of Leo by full election,  
I was chosen so; my wisedome abone al men,  
To haue the Papall dignite in my protection.  
And so was made Pope, and ruled as my lyf,  
Tyll my abomination accuse me o; I will.

For baning at my wyll what harte could best thinke,  
And ruling as it were all men as pleased mee:  
Then layde I awaie both Boke, Pen, and Inke,  
The swelling fleshe with them could not agree.  
I spared neyther Cardinal Bishop, Nunke nor frier,  
To fulfil my desire, I past not who they were.

Tyll at the last I chaunsed great with Childe,  
At Saint Johns Laterans delinere was I  
And thus the Seate of Peter by mee was desilde,  
Alas therefore full oft to late I crye.  
Afterwarde deposed I was, and so put downe,  
And bogged my hread both in Countrey and Towne.

At this fillyng alle the Gods were offendid,  
And sente mee to Pluto, his Judgement to trye:  
Out of all the Heavens I was then suspended,  
And heare am adistred in paines till to lyfe,  
Loe, neve shoue knowell both the cause and my name,  
Therefore I pray thee warne thy friendes of the same.

Tell women, that haue fine volygynke wittes,  
What except they dread the Gods with honour due?  
Whome Fortune herte of all, with Sceptre hits,  
The burlfull fall be they sure wel enuis,  
Although her nature be sometime to smile, and moile  
It's best yet take heed shoue warne them nowtwise  
From

## of wickednesse.

From valley lowe, when Titan mounts the Hilles,  
He doth dismount as fast as rise before:

The Phenix scaling skyes with singed quilles,  
Turnes to the Earth againe, what nedeth moze?

For fluddes that rise, when at the herte they bee,  
Doe fall as fast againe, the pwole we see.

And finallye, will everye kinde of wight,  
As well as women them selues, to knoewe and see:  
And that in time of wealth, they set theye sight  
To bewe what such doe wante that simpler bee.

Their godes and Landes with state of noble raine,  
Beauty, Youth, and al thinges els, shall shrinke againe.

You knoewe the nine woxthies lasted but a time,  
The monstrous mountes do waste and weare awaye:  
Then what is it that is made of sliche and slime,  
That can vpon the earth long stand o; slaye?  
All is but fleshe which wasteth like the snowe,  
When life shall part, the wisest doth not knowe.

Nowe alas, fith the world is thus bnsure,  
And fleshe so fraile, what foles bee moztall men:  
That hane such hope in that soz to endure,  
That straight shall slip awaie they know not whence:

What gaines get they that winne a little pelle,  
For which the Gods at last condempne him selfe?

These wordes thus sayde, the rage of furious hell,  
With new invented miseries gan then to increase:  
That very woe and sorrowe did compell  
This newe sounde hope from further talke to cease.

Within my secrete hart, I pitied much her case,  
Because shē was a woman, and had so little grace.

But then to see the great Househeaded Friars,  
With Jonymarnold Nuncks, on heapes how fast they fel,  
Beside platterfale Abhorts, & ynglyss with ynglyss eares:

## The rewarde

Wolfe busse they were it passeth tongne to tell,

I thinke they sang so; they yaped so wide,

That to heare theyz seruice I might not abide.

Cache nowke was full of punnes, as busye as the bus,

Properly appareld like newe fashioneid Players:

Prating Pardoners, were Cokes of the Feast,

Whose scullions were a number of beautily Southslayers.

Every one occupied, not one of them was idle,

But neyther with Testament nor with Sacre Bible.

At length they sell out what so ever was the matter,

They fought with Sensars, and holy water cans:

Great Beades about eache others face they clatter,

I little thought they had bæne such men of theyz hands.

We saw them so disquiet, we stode from them afarre,

For feare of blowes before that we were warre.

I sawe no man there that sãme to make peace,

The like maistries at Olimpus, were never so made;

Whiche and thysold on heapes they lye like Beastes,

Theys nayles were so long no man calde so a blade.

Thus violently they disguised one of them the other,

In such fury, that the son tormentid his owne Mother.

It was a wonder to me verye straunge,

To see what play games they made in that pitte:

Like Maisters of fence (great stroakes they did chaunge

One with another) Starke madde out of witte.

A maruaulous Musick, a prayer most painfull,

Among Christian people nothing more dainsfull.

Wherereat (quod Morpheus) looking on me,

Dost thou behold (quoth he) what miserye is here,

And what presumption in some women may bee,

And howe to come by theyz purpose, full little they ferre;

But what mischiese is this, heale soz to finde,

These Popes & these prelates y to preach were all thise.

These

## of wickednesse.

These are they which beare the world in hand,  
That in heauen and hell, they had euermoxe power:  
(As they sayde) so it was, and with God did stande,  
Out of hell to fetche thousandes of soules in one holwe.  
And no wo:de true all was fables and lyes.  
With false Doctrine and Idolatrie the blairid our eyes.

These are the Bellye Gods, that outward did appeare,  
To bee most holye, and iust alway in they: living:  
Whiche before God very Ipcocrites were,  
And liu'de like brute Beasts, without any thanks gening.  
They pleade a p̄snuiledge, to doe what they: lyſt,  
As if hell and Heaven were both in they: fist.

And thus we: departed and left the new ſound Pope,  
With her Colledge of Cardinals, and other her mates:  
At hert of they: ſervice without vefment o: Cope,  
With nailes large and long, they bispote each others pates.  
So downe the dales, we: dze we to beholde,  
The maniſtold miſchiefe among yong and olde.

Whome then to ſee throuḡh many a knaggy cruff,  
And breſtles blaſt, with ſtoymes as Kafor hene:  
And ſcaping daſtes all redde with cankred ruff,  
We: paſſed throuḡh, of any one not ſteene.  
Yet by the way a thouſand ſightes we ſaw,  
Of which to thinkie, full ofte it grieueth me.

Tyll at the laſte, we: dze we vnto the place,  
And hertfull hole in cruell Stigion lake:  
Wheras we: heard a man be waille his caſe,  
No pained ſoule, might greater ſorrow make.  
These wo:des me thought, the wofull wretched did crye,  
Come ſee (alas alas) the tormentes wher we: lyſt.

# The rewarde

## Newes betwene the Pope and Pluto, and of the Proclamation about the Ladder twixt Hell and Heauen.



Thus leaving Helen in endlesse woe and paine,  
Through ykesome vale from crag to crag we crept:  
Tomented spites we hearde of eche lde plaine,  
Thousandes thousandes, schyking cryed and wept,  
Linckt fast in chaynes, with cruell keepers kept.  
Whose name and actes we listed not to craue,  
But passed swith to heue the monstros caue.

Till at the length to a crepe and halvyc hill,  
We chaunst to come whereas me thought I sē,  
One rowling vp a stōne that tumbles on him still,  
Thus night and daye from toylling rests not he,  
Also Duke Theseus for his tiranny,  
Bitten with vipers and toerne with toades in sunder,  
In a pitte or puddle, that belched light and thunder.

*Sisiphus*  
for his de-  
solite and  
vicious li-  
ving.

Eneas following Sibyl rounde about that denne,  
Up hill from crag to crooked Torre he runnes,  
His wandering limmes still treads the filthie fenne,  
In hope to haue in sight that alwayes shunes.  
Also womendrewe water in buckets that runnes,  
With very mange mo so long to name,  
As then me thought had plagues much like the same.

But as we went me thought I sawe a glade,  
That made a shor as it a passage were,  
Whiche was in deede of very purpose made,  
From thence to Rome erectes a mighty stree,  
And Gorgon with a Clubbe was poster there,  
Except from Rome, in, there he might not passe,  
Or else some souche as trusted in the walle.

*This*

*There are  
two wayes  
to hell ther  
out.*

*This is  
the wye  
to Rome  
to Pluto.*

## of wickednesse.

This way passe soules from paines to endelesse blisse,  
When please the Pope to sende his letters thither,  
Morpheus and I experiance saftey of this,  
The Popes man and we met altogether,  
Who brought pardons packt vp in a boquet of lether.

The wope  
that soules  
passe thos  
tyme be-  
twene hea-  
ne and hel.

Wernes letters that to Pluto when he deliuered.  
On the which Pluto looked, peruside, and considered.

Wherupon Pluto his counsell calfe straight,  
A fitthe heape of crooked noble states,  
To here their mindes because it was of weight,  
To gratisse the Pope and all his holye mates,  
Hence so; the messenger, and so these wordes debates.

My frende (quoth he) ha'rt welcome to this place,  
So are they all that loue thy maysters grace.

But by the flades of dreadfull flaming Styx, (soe,  
The newes thy maister wrichtes doe grieue my guttes ful  
For reuenge, these clawes as sharpe as thornie piches,  
Shall losse and teare the spites of many a scoze,  
(Ah worthy Pope) thy decay I much deploze.

A Carter for my Witchine, prouider of the praye,  
What meruell though I curse the cause of thy decaye?

And with these wordes his scowling face lets pourse,  
The gnashing floodes and spoutes of fier red,  
He gnasheth his teeth and gan to glowte full soure,  
With belching breath, to th messenger thus sayde;  
Take here an answere unto my supreme heade.

(Byd him be myrye) I shall afflauice sende,  
To take all suche, as with him doe contende.

With a romishe shankes, the messenger packeth,  
Charged with the letters that Pluto dode sende,  
Poste horses by commision in eache place he taketh,  
Untill he arived at the slayers ende,

## The rewarde

Wheras from Lymbo to ROME he shold ascende,  
Being a lustie Lurdaine a Fryer of Saint Fraunces.  
Twixt ROME and hel from Ieppes to Ieppes he daunces.

Thys the Fryer fled we hearde no moze of him,  
But straight on a stage a Trumpet sounded was,  
Wher unto assembled such soules as for sinne,  
Were sent by the Pope to be punisht alas,  
Who thought to be pardoned by vertue of the masse.  
Else hoping to heare of the Popes comming thither,  
Then thinking to be releast from thence altogether.

When silence was made with much a doe,  
This yll fasse Herraulde these wordes then declared:  
That many men to the Pope were untrue,  
And their large offrings and denotions nowe spared,  
For to come to God other meanes they prepared.  
Having no trusse in the Pope nor his traditions,  
But cal him the Captaine of Idolatrous superstitions.

To our Prince Pluto his letters doe declare,  
That toward the North Pole Gods word is so embastre:  
That no man for pardons will giue mony nor ware,  
(In Englannde especially) he is vterly disgrasse,  
Except among a fewe here and there that are plasse.  
That with their friendes in noykes and odde holes,  
Sing a masse of Requiem for al chistian soules.

Whiche is to no purpose the money being gone,  
That maintayned his grace and all his whole roialte,  
His Cardinals, his Abbottes, his Friers, with sir John,  
His Punnes, and his Ancrees, and all be thrust out,  
His Pardoners go beggynge and wandryng about.  
The shanelings be shronken that once bare the swaye,  
Their credite and customes be tunne to decaye,

And Boner that bolstered the beames of his glorie,  
Lyeth Sunke in the sandes that onse bare the blade:  
That

## of wickednesse.

That many a Christian therewith made full sozie,  
A while in Christes Tyme yarde he cut a great glaue,  
And stoute Storie that all the sturre made.

Gardiner is wanting that was the blood letter,  
And Fecknam is fast that was the clocke settter.

Storie.  
Gardiner.  
Fecknam.

Wesyde an infinite number within that same Ile,  
That now be decayed and wozne out of minde :  
Vanisht is Babilon that florisheth ere while,  
And the way to Ierusalem by the Gospell they finde  
The Pope they repute to be a guide blinde.  
They passe not a pin, for his blessings nor curses,  
Let him saye what he will, they holde fast their purses.

And in place of his friendes are starte vp his foes,  
And one cruell Captaine that wozkes all the griefe,  
A Iewell of Christ Jesus gaue Harding the blos,  
Confutting his fables in spite of his teeth,  
He ledes the pore flocke with Christian beleefe.  
Squencht is the confidence I say of our Harding,  
Thers none young nor olde that esteemes him a farding.

Iewell.  
Harding.

One Barthlet we may han shroughout this whole vale :  
And so may the Pope with Canole, Woke and Bell,  
In the Papall pedigree, he tels such a tale,  
That all Romilly Rokes may roze to heare tell,  
That Christians had knowledge of the trumprye they sell.  
For he tippes vp the sacke, and all pouerth out,  
From the first to the last, he rappes the whole rounte.

(This and much more) being the iust cause,  
Of the Pope's great plague and miserable want :  
(I meane of money) to maintaine his lawes,  
Perforce must perwade you, that here make your plaint,  
Considering Gods wozde hath him on the tainte.  
You wosfull soules that in Purgatorye lye,  
Must yet here remaine there is god cause why.

## The rewarder

(Which is this) you know the Pepe hath ben at cost,  
To sound betwixt Pluto and Rome these stagg'rs:  
And nowe it is like, that his labour is lost,  
Beaute that his customes, and credite thus weares:  
Yet he hath set P'riests, Punkes, Hunnes, and Friers.  
And the rest of his Rabble in hande so; to make,  
A Ladder to reache into Heaven so; your sake.

The bull. And byt it was reared, yeares long a goe,  
ding of the And well underset with Dyrges and Passes:  
Lader and With Popishe P̄ops, thousandes on a roe,  
the timber As Pardons, Buls, Idols, Holy water, and Ashes:  
with the Workmen. Palmes, and holy Bread, and many olde Trashes.  
Lampes, Lightes, Crossing and Cr̄eping,  
And all to redresse your pitifull weeping.

Singing, and Ringing, with Belles every where,  
Hensing, and Hensing with Bocke Bell and Candle;  
Cursing, and Praying, of Muncke, Nun, and Frier,  
Night, daye and hower, al thing soz to handle.  
Like woxkemen woxthby, not bunglers to Scamble.  
A building to bolte so bye in the skyes,  
both craue Cunning woxkemen, and suchas are wise.

But loe (alas) the Popes willing minde,  
For money to release you of these bitter paines :  
So many thousandes stroue this Ladder to climbe,  
That you mist the Heauen, and her his great gaines  
For bending it brake, with waight of your Chaines.  
By meanes whereof, therin, who put trust,  
Would without ende, remains here they must .

The toz: And for shoz it was, by fallten degr̄s,  
mented And never could reach Gods glōzyc and blisse.  
soules per: Although he, and his, were as busie as B̄es,  
suaded to In thende it woulde have prouided but this;  
dwell soz: Wherfore his contented no remedye is;  
uer in  
paines.

Xp. 11

## of wickednesse.

Tyl the Ladder bee mended, hence to dispatche ye,  
Or els that the Pope, come him selfe so to fetch ye.

The Gospell of Christ, hath throughtly confounded,  
Not onely this Ladder, of the Popes owne devise:  
But also destroye al them that first founded  
The painted helles, and paper Paradies:  
Peare among vs, they shall playe theyz Price.  
Theyz stinking Idolatrye, and vyle Superstition,  
As holye as they bee, heare findes no remission.

Therefore it is Plutos pleasure that you knowe,  
What sozture hath hapned, your Father the Pope:  
Hee him selfe to Heaven, is not able to goe,  
Except Saint Peter, hale him vp in a Roape:  
Or that he chaunsle to bee pulde by his Coape,  
By our Lady of Walsingham, & sweet Rode of Chester  
Else his porcion in Heaven, is scant wozth a Testar.

These wordes being saide, hee dismounteth the stage,  
Saying, vengeance, and torment, protect Plutos grace:  
At the which cryed out with terrible rage,  
Both yong and olde that were in that place:  
A sight sozrowfull, in behol ding theyz case.  
(I meane) of al such, as put trust in the Massie,

These peynes made theyz tormentis much worse then  
(it was.

To see the sozrowfull soz hale one another,  
Crying out on the Popes, and his chaelinges theri:  
The Father, the Sonne, the Daughter, the Mother,  
The Uncle, the Aunt, and Grandisier appeari:  
To the ninthe degrae, thousands theri were.

Both Riche and Poore, that trusted to the Massie,  
Not one of them all, but I am sure there hee was.

Some cryde tye of Tools, and salme of holye water,  
Some of Superstition, and some of Scala celi:  
Other some lamented, the mumbeling of Lady Psalter,  
(Alas)

## The rewardē

(Alas) quod another, this will not preuaile yē,  
Now maye you sē; their trumprye doth faile yē.  
So it doth them selues, for loe where they lye,  
That late boylt they, Gods, in vaulters full bye.

And loe (quoth he) where they bē singing a Mass,  
Pope Alexander, Pope Ioane, and both under a stōale:  
Seē you not the swēte blood of hayles in a glasse,  
Whiche Idoll brougthe hither many a pore soule?  
A Pardonē mē thinke standes by with a seruile.  
Some officer bē like of Saint Johns swēte Frāry,  
Loke who is in his bōkes it is best you prepare yē.

At which wordes such a number brake out,  
Of Caues and hinkes on every side:  
As Tipling Bibs, and Huckers of growte,  
Hect howers, and Bzewbates, thyther fast hide:  
Tutois, and Teltales, in every nolke cryde.  
Pickethankes and Prowlers, beare holy water,  
Their maisters (being worldlings) sayd Confiteor, and  
(Misereator.

Flattery light Lampes, to our Lady of grāce,  
Ipocrisie, calde them vp to the offering.  
Saint Anne of Buckstones was washing a pace:  
But Lucre was listyng small pence to the Coffeting.  
At chiest they were close in every place.

Two faces in one hode, the Crosse then did beare,  
Wherat abomination beganne so to sware.

Great devision there senned to bē,  
All that wers there, did knocke on theys breast:  
But (alas) to late for to crye then Peccau,  
Althoughe the Pope both Croſſed and bleſſe,  
For when he lookte backe, at Ite missa est:

When Dan Limilster, the Candles should ouſe,  
All fle we on a fire their Colledge thorough out.

Howe the Ladder was ameade, that lately was craiſt,  
After that time trulie of no man I aſſeſſe.

FINIS.

The

## of wickednesse.

### *The torment of Tiranny, and the reward*

for his wickednesse, Being a King called *Midas*: VVhich Tirannouslye, swallowed not onely his Countrey for Lucre sake, but his householde Seruauntes also.

**T**Hus as we left these Rowish Roges, of whome I speake of late, we chaunce to heare a woeful wight, y did bewaile his state. And Tiranny his name was calde, who lou'd to leime the poore, And suppe the gaine of sweating browes, soz to increase his stroe, This mighty mate no mercy mindes, when he on soile did dwelle, But eate by all on every side, as they that want can tel. The widowe and the fatherles, the stranger that doth toyle: His household heruitours and al, hee sicketh soz to spoyle, Whome lended he his eares unto, but onelys unto suche, As unto Pluto sacrifice theyz soules to gaine him muches, Tyl at the last his Tiranny, the ayre corrupt with smell, Wherat the Skies, did turne theyz heves, and Limbo gan to yell. The Mountaines roare by Eccos voice, into the Heavens hys, The strikes and cryes of wronched wights, and al togeather flye, The Preachers powred teares apace, repentance styl they crye, But al in vaine, his eares were stope, such newes he might not bide. His stoorid ground, his racked rents, his beards of goats, with shape & His prouling pickthabs, made him to forget his duty cleane. (graine, Whom when y loue peruse, and searchte his flintish Pharaos heart, Upon the snappe grimme Mors he sends, to sticke him with his Dart, Who wound him so, that Atropos to line straight laid the launce, Gods people by this Tyrants death, from bondage to aduaunce. Whose wandring ghost, to Carous bote, with fearful groans is gone, To dwelle among the damned Spytites, soz other hope is none: Wher, in a pit, a place is pitcht, a woeful chayze to sit, In molten mettall to the Crowne, a place for Tyrantes sit. His officers bande him round about, with bagges of money thral, Which never cease, with gnashing teeth, to lend him many a doss. Medusa is his Coke, to dresse this wretche his meate, Which sets before him cravling Snakes, and hgly Todes to eate. His counsellors be rechit on length, theyz Guts on hokes be toze.

## The rewarder

Whose sole deformed shithonge bewalle that they were borne,  
Thus tosse & tosse, with tormentes great, with thuderbolts heithwak,  
Ortoakes & fleshwoks streind & stretche, eche toyt from other crak,  
And to augment this shifers griesse, with hakes they hale him out  
Upon a frosen scakkole bogis, this Tyrant loketh about:  
Wher he hellish pegges and furies shewe a licht increase his paine  
Whiche is the toffull Eden feldes, where fained soules remaine,  
The blisfull banckes there myght he see, the ballopes swete & fayre,  
Wher wante no floures of noble taste, soy to perturbe the ayre.  
All kynde of fruite do they to them selues, and readie ripe they bryng,  
Of pleasaunes passing man to wylle, there wante no kynde of thynge,  
Pernassus hill to base a bancke, to be comparde to this,  
Or Helicon in such respect, a wodrie pynkle is,  
Nor Cithera pearle of all the earth, is ought but counterfet,  
Though it were deckt with all the golde, that Alexander get.  
Tho I had dronke and supped by, swete Aganippes well,  
Or Gabanelus skiffull flesdes, yet want I skill to tell  
The heapes of joyes, this toffull feldes is garnished withall,  
Doth much surmount this woldy blisse, thys more then siger gall  
For there sit Tchus doth not taste of Hiemps frosen face,  
Nor Boreas bragges the weakest twigge, sturs not within that place,  
Nor Phabus he his golden beames, disperseth here and there:  
And Jupiter the siluer droppes from skyes doth cause retire.  
(In seafon due) to molise these feldes of endelesse blisse,  
Wher none may come but such as by the Goddes appoynted is.  
Whose garmentes be as white as snow, on instrumentes they sing,  
And never cease, but prayng God, of earth, and heauen king,  
And crownes upon their heads they were, & angells fode they eate,  
Hyll Gloria in excelsis sing to th Lambe upon the seate.  
There myght this Tyrant well beholde the pore whome he opprest,  
Amid these joyes for evermore appoynted soz to rest.  
And such as least he did esteime, and all be rent with wrong,  
Thei r happy life eche houre did see, and daylie hearde their song.  
Whiche when he hearde, a triple paine assailes this caytives gholl,  
Wher he did way his mundane mucke, and heauenis treasure lost:  
In equall ballaunce when he tryed how Conscience him accusde,  
(Quoth he) see on you Impes of hell, that thus hane me abusde.

## of wickednesse.

Meaning by the muckhill spates, which whisped in his eare,  
And taught him how Goddes people praze, soz gaunes to rend & teare.  
To ride, to runnes, to hale, and drawe as bondeslaues every houte,  
To whiske and scourge no mo then all, that were within his poure,  
But Dyi (quoth he) let all the woylde example take by me,  
Let meir greatest Prince on earth thinke other but to dye.  
Oh, fye on godes, thys fye on golde, and tentimes fit on lufe,  
As shall procure great myghtie men, the paze by wrong to touch.  
And then he w;ange his handes so; wo, what happe had I (quoth he)  
To lende my eares to Dunghil Doltes, at their commaunde to he,  
And banisht from my seruice quide, the blode of gentle race,  
Whiche alwayes counsayld me to minde, mine hono: and my gracie,  
But as the Raunes leke their praye, or Wolfe the spoyle purfles,  
So did the Churles by meanes of me, eache where their suric vse.  
The sonnes of Thanes & ruslick Carles, might leade me as they list,  
So that the gobs of glozing golde, they brought to stright my fist.  
Yet as they spoyle the coate abzoade (from me) so did they pinche,  
So that at euerie elme, I scarce receyved halfe an inche.  
I pitied not the Wyolwes cause, no; faderlesse I wayde,  
Both townes and countries rounde about, to pastures great I laye,  
Yet had I mynes, with vineyardes large, with coyne and castell stroe  
Pea Lordships, lands, parches houge & wide, yet stil I lookt for moze.  
Hules and Camels infinite, Dolones and Castles greate,  
Thus Fortune with her smiling lokes, her woyldy hokes can bayte  
To catche the covetous Tyrant with, to present to Plutos gracie,  
Whose wickednesse he doth rewarde full well within this place.  
And then he lookt upon these laines, much yll (quoth he) betide,  
You verlots boorne, that thus be witcht a Prince of such a pride.  
Much yll and wo may hap to the, thou soule deformed laine.  
And all thy mates that moued me, this mundan mucke to crane,  
The childe unboorne curse you & yours, the hils shall sounde the same,  
The stones in straets cry out on you, the skyes proclaime your shame.  
The heauens abho: both you and yours: hel rend you with his lawes,  
And Furies all in Scigion Streames, torment you with their clawes.  
Much moze he sayes but what it was, soz strikes we coulde not tell,  
His men of trust and he that time, in tormentes so dwo yll.  
But still they bang him with these bagges, like madmen in their rage  
And strecte these furies with their hokes, did mosit him from h stage.

## The rewarde

Wher tumbling he in molten golde, both walter here and there,  
Till at the length, of him nor his, we could not se noj here.  
But ouer the pit with letters blacke, this sentence there was pende  
This is the place of just rewarde for Tyrantis in the ende.  
Then by and by, a thundring boyce came pouering vp the pitte,  
(Whiche sayde) remember thende you men, in chayres of state that sit.  
For Pluto is the Laylor here, to mightie loue aboue:  
He pardons none but all alike, (take heede it doth behoue)  
Whiche wodes did make my hart to shink, as floweres doe in Janer,  
So that to speake one wodre for to life, I durst not once presume.  
But in my heart I wiste all men, King Mydas muche to flee,  
And specialllye the number that of mightie bonos bee.  
For they that reade the Poetes workes, shal here of Mydas much,  
And how he cravde alio to be golde that he might seale or touche.  
But thought the poete fable so, and I in dreams doe faine,  
Yet let not Tyrantis better trust, but taste of Plutos paine.

## The rewarde that Rosamond had

in hell, for murdering of her husbande Al-  
binius and liuing viciouſlie in his huf-  
fandis greate glorie of alio bandes dayes.



Then from this Pope we were depart and gone,  
Meaneing to retorne, the night was almost spent:  
But there fast by we hearde one crye a non,  
Whiche sayde ( Alas, alas) to late I doe repent,  
My wanton dayes, my lustie youthfull toyes,  
Hane banisht me from Angells part of toyes.  
The sounde thereof a woman did present,  
For Screminglie it rang among the caves,  
Whiche when we hearde we could not be content:  
But scalds the cragges among the staining waves,  
Till at the last a dungeon had we spyde,  
Wherin the woman was that late lyfe of you.

## of wickednesse.

And as we stode thereto take the beth,  
In scalding furnesse whose flasch doth still increase,  
A seeming noble Dame with crowne and sceptare ne we  
(Among a number) gan first of all to prease,  
And sayd (Wh Morphus) such haste why dolst thou make  
I pray thee bide a whille, yet for a womans sake.

Wherfore (quoth he) in y presence doth no gude,  
And yll I may abide, the night is almost spent:  
Wher hearing this, cryed out as one were wroth,  
Abide and heare two woes, then go I am content.

Dispatche (quoth he) for long I cannot bide,  
But first of all, thy name and cause desirde.

(Wh quoth he) this place prepared is,  
For wickednesse the iust rewarde to be,  
And such as lie against the Goddes amisse,  
Be vsed here with tormentes as you see.

With Morphus thou allazeas dolst we in che where,  
Publish this aboade how we are vsed here.

And let them know how Rosamonde the Quene,  
To Albonyus late wife that was sometime,  
Lyeth torment here as thou hast present seene,  
For filthie life, and odious bludie crime.

My life did crane none other ende but this,  
Wherfore beholde rewarde of wickednesse.

Wherfore let me to women warning be,  
To honor God the breste, and next their sposed mates:  
And say that Rosamonde thus sayde to he,  
Who doth not so, shall enter at these gates.

If doth become eache woman night and daye, (saye.  
To holde them well content, at what their husbandes

Yon lustie blodes possesse with hawlie hartes,  
Yon lustie looks cored with meaner state,  
Refuse to play these wanton wilfull partes,

## The rewarder

From follye ffe, least you repent to late.  
Sometime I mitte as bste as beste of you,  
Whiche is the onelye cause I bid al toyes adewe.

Hame not to swell a halfe wod to heare,  
No banntage seke, nor quarrels frame to haede;  
An honest womans part is euer to forbeare  
The sayinges of her husband, if wel shal thinke to sprede,  
Where loue is linket, woddes cannot bzelve the bate,  
But where dissembleres are, fewe woddes then canseth  
(bate).

And laye aside your newe disguised rafe,  
Leue manching of your selues with painted face:  
From whirling heye and there your eyes prophaned stay,  
Bis faithful Patrons found in every place,  
Who doth hit spowled Matre in any case betray,  
Shall sure repent if soye, with me another dage.

For if that grace had light upon my ffe,  
Then had I dzed before the doubtfull ende:  
And so escaped that which nofe alas I bide,  
As Guerdon mette soz them that so offend.  
For through one wod I heard my husband laye,  
By stromack was so stowte, I made him straight away.

Whiche was but small and easie to be borne,  
But that the wicked spirts mete tempte to sake his blod,  
For even as Judas his Maisters death had stoworne,  
Infect with like temptation, that present time I stowde.  
Vengeance I louented, and vengeance haue I caught.  
To sake my Husbandes life, mine owne destruction  
(brought).

Loe, this was the cause. At my Husbandes returne,  
From doing great battailes in Countreys full sacre:  
Being his pleasure a whyle soz to sojourne,  
To rest him at ease after his Marre:

Let call a Triumphe, and made a great feast,  
To the which assembled all his Lodes of the best.

And

## of wickednesse.

And being in his iernement, Thus Iestet with me:  
Toke a Goblet with Wine, and these words the he sayd:  
(Drinke a swert to thy Father. Wiste quoth he.)

Who before in Battail was wounded to dead.

Thus soz to saye, much is not a mis-  
Who ever doth speake it, where any gracie is.

But (alas) unhappy I, as most women bee,  
Was full of pride, and mutable minde:  
I swerde as a Woode his death soz to see,  
Yet speake I him saye his sences to blinde:

O God what mischiefe and women intent,  
And if a manaller but onces theyz intent.

When I spake him as saye as heart might denise,  
And made the greatest shewe of faithfull true loue:  
Inwardly then I dyd hate and despise,  
My noble Husbanc all Creatures aboue.

Therefore I confessit, it is harde soz to knowe,  
When a woman speakes saye, if shes meanes it or no.

I polluted filthilye my Husbandes bedde,  
With one of his seruauntes, whome after I made  
Most Traiterously to smite of his head,  
As he laye a sleepe with his owne sworde or blade.

And so tolke his Treasure, and to the seas we fled,  
There leaving my Husband wounded to dead.

This Squiers name, that did this wicked deede,  
Melchis was called a stoute worthy knight:  
In Rauenne there became to procede  
A mighty Prince of great power and might.  
Yet soz all this, with him straight I tyred,  
For eache daye on my filthylust beautily desired.

Were his Gentle or simple, I spared none,  
Of one above another, I made no stroze:  
For shame, feare, and Grace, from me were quite gone.

## The rewardē

I passe not a pinne wore they hitche or poise  
My filthy sleihe so wickedly was sette,  
That all was but sleihe that cams to the netts.

But among al the rest one noble man,  
That then of Raucone was a governour  
As ofte as pleased him nowe and than,  
Had greates delite to holdis me as Paramour  
On whome a while my flitting minde did runne,  
As erst it had of Melchis lately done.

For whose sake Melchis my husbande nelte,  
Through treason framde, ambible, Duplicite,  
Within my heart his death, I gan to bwe,  
Because at large I thought to live moze viciously,  
To wozke the leake by sleygnt, and scape the blame,  
I priuily poysoned wine, & made him drinke the same.

To the middes dranks Melchis this Cup of Wine,  
Whch made him luke with colour dead and wan:  
But when her saue that Trayresse heart of mine,  
With much a doe these wordes declare her ganation  
With rufull face. Thou wicker wretche (quoth he)  
Albonius thou thjough Treason st who hast done me.

And there withall his hande uppon me laye,  
And bȝged me in Pangre of my head,  
To drinke the tother halle before I staide,  
Whch was no soner done but downe we both fell dead,  
And thus at mischiefe ended I my life,  
That sometime was a famous Princess wife.

Loe Morpheus, this is the summe and all:  
Howe thou knowest my name, my wicked fact and dñe:  
I praye this yet what hast souer fall,  
Warne women of the like, it's not a little neede,  
To theye Spoylsed mates, bid them her make a frne,  
Or tell them else constaunce doth ensue.

## of wickednesse.

Bid hem macken theyr mindes with al due obediencie,  
And to humble them selues to theyr Husbantes altairas ;  
For it is commonlys sone by auctioral experiance,  
That none but the wilful doe catche their decaies.

Though wylge in working the craftis Dames be,  
Them selues they deceave in the ende you may see.

And now farewel Morpheus thou wotest what I meane,  
Thou mayest say thou met with a miserable wight :  
That first procured her Husband to be slaine,  
And also poysoned a balaunt knyght.

This was my aye and the cause of my fall,  
Quite marther, soz marther, my selfe latke of all.

And with these wordes a Gyraunk with a boke,  
In tender sives, the mortall woundes her pintes,  
Another on a soke this wicked woman shooke,  
Nothing preuailed lesse, then soz to crye with plaintes.

A thousande naked blades in her they shalke  
And still (quoth they) this woman was brinke.

She thought it was a feareful sight to see,  
Pitye brought such griefe in me, I wept soz woe :  
I thought that in a womans heart had laken more pitye,  
Then soz to serue her fauill Husband so.

Why dolst thou muse (quoth Morpheus) then to mae  
This is the iust reward of them that wicked be.

The night is almost spent (quoth he) come let us goe,  
The leake of theyr paines passeth our helpe,  
I will bring this knyght to the place thou came fro,  
Be not doubtful of Cerberus that sole wherke whelpe,

Noz of any that is heare, I will answere them all  
Hes of god thare what ever doe be fall.

Thus wantering backe, weloked about,  
And oz ever lond will were at Plutos Pallace,  
At the whiche the heare so cruellye shalke.

## The rewardc to

As if they had all com together in malice,  
Met when his enimis were them the frath then appeared,  
It was but a strimph, and nought so he feared,

Then after a while upon a stage full by,  
An yll faste noonan a blacke Trumpet blew  
And when silence was made, hee proclaymed a crye,  
In the name of Pluto so thynges mastre.

(Anoth ber) bloodis Boner the Butcher comes here.

That bath furnisht our kitchin this mane a vere.

Moreover (anoth ber) it is Plutos high pleasure,  
That all men yergare in the best sorte they can,  
Sith he is to Pluto and Proserpin such treasure,  
To receyue him amoncge vs as becomes such a man.

You knou in what his seruise hath bene heretofore,  
Looke to your dueties what makes any mores.

This sayde, he departed straite from the stage,  
And to Platos Bellace he then toke the swape  
But then to set both man boye and Page,  
To set ne we deuentions in order and raze.

The halfe to declare, it passeth my wittie,  
I am sure the like was never sene yet.

There was syngys of fire holes in holes and in noukes,  
Headding of barters, and yowling of spistles,  
Skouring of blades, and bending of bokes,  
Wendyng of stofokes, and lyngyng ne we lobipes,

Barreling of pitchs, haulur and halferster,  
With mayches sayd can be described in witter.

But for to be bries, so wittling they were,  
That nothing was wanting to set out the shole,  
As by their diligence full well did appere,  
No man coulde be more welcome there I knou.

Boner (anoth one Boner quoth another) 13  
Welcome as hartyspe as Father or Mother.

## of wickednesse.

With all thinges peynfull, and all thynges  
Forth came Pluto, and Proserpina the Queen,  
To make Boner the fucker of soules, sinnes, and bones,  
In such order and sorte as bath not bene sene.

I shall make a description as neare as I can,  
How they went in order to make him eche man.

First two and two came marching togither,  
With a Pickesforke or Flesshooke in every fist,  
A blacke banner displayed that waured in the weather,  
Which obscured the light with darche stinkynge mist.

I'll fasse Trumpeters a number there were,  
From whose mouches flew a thunders odible to here.

The number I knew not so many there were,  
But brane and bone they were out of doubt:  
In hattes like hives, and hoase humde with bears  
With rough courlike heades, they looked full stout,  
They were so luttis they seme to be cutters,  
For they madd it tentimes as bigge as swarke Rufflers.

After after these there came in a raye,  
By heapes whole swarmes of Plutos nobilitie,  
Which did ride vpon Beares that did gape for their praye,  
That alwayes were fed with the spoyle of simplicitie,  
About their neckes hang double chaynes of golde,  
But to aske their names I durst not be bold.

Then came his Chapleins by two and by three,  
And after them followed the great Vicare of all,  
And on his heade a triple Crowne ware he,  
Arayed in robes that were full Pontificall.

On a rampyng Lyon that gaped full wide,  
This greasse Prelate that present did ride.

And then followed Pluto and Proserpina the Queen,  
Upon a straunge bootes as never I see,  
For like the haldeyle godes glo wes their shene.

# The reward

Nightie and monstros long, large, and bl  
With a number of Lorden and Ladies also,  
Came after in oder, beside other moe,

Cerberus was caught in the Poxters warden,  
The gates were set open against Boner came,  
Of Morpheus, and me no man wakke regarde,  
Their minde ranne so much of this noble man,

By meanes whereof without moze a doo,  
We gat out o' th' gates of any man knewe.

Being out of the gates we scaled a roche,  
To see if we might there spie Boner comming,  
Who in dede appeared in sight with a flocke,  
That came like Wedlema hedlong then running,  
Himselfe led the way like a Champion stoute,  
On a Dragons backe that spoylde rounde aboute,

We kept no oder, nor the companie that he brought,  
Hoy headlong came raling both olde and young,  
As thickke as baylestones, a man woulde haue thought,  
Wherof some cryd, and othersome loung.

But downe the byll one and other came tumbling,  
With Sancta Maria, I hearde them say mumbling.

A Banner was boorne with red all to spotted,  
Before this butcher that pittie was to see,  
Whose armes in the middes was rusly blotted,  
With the blode of Martires whome he caused to die,  
And in the shielde painted as plaine did appere,  
An innocent Lambe, a cruell Wolfe, and a Beare.

In a fielde all blacke, on the other side his flagge,  
Was depainted a fagot that glowed like a glorie,  
And a bluddie hande with a sworde that did bzagge,  
Gainst all that profest Christes Gospell in dede,  
With a poasie that threatned both aged and young,  
To be leue in his loze, or else holde their tongus.

## of wickednesse.

But then to see what a meeting there was,  
Betwene Pluto, Proserpin, and Boner that time,  
For want of skill I must let it passe,  
I cannot mention th'one halfe in this rime.

(No displeasure to the Pope) if himselfe had bene there,  
It had not bene possible to made him better cheare.

Mary what they sayd, that, Iw<sup>e</sup> did not know,  
But there was so<sup>r</sup> ioye such colling and kissing:  
Some laught that feth a swte long they did shew,  
And clawde eache other by the pate without misshing.

To see the triumph made with fleshhōkes & spits,  
Had bene able to haue b<sup>r</sup>ought a man from his wits.

For thunder and lightning flew fying about,  
Dartes and fire b<sup>r</sup>andes walke here and there,  
Bonfires were made in all hell throug<sup>h</sup>out,  
For ioye that Boner was comynge so nere.  
Whose face I straide least he shoulde haue spide me,  
For when he was liuing he myght not abide me.

Behinde Morphus I crept, till they marched by,  
And were past as farre as Cerberus warde,  
But when they were within we hearde such a crye,  
As among all the so<sup>r</sup> rowes before I not hearde.

They set hell on fire with making a feast,  
And all was to welcome this lately come gest.

What was Boners Busynesse that I doe not knowe,  
Peradventure he went to setche soules away thence.  
But judge as you list therein yea or no,  
I woulde not be with him so<sup>r</sup> all the Popes pence.  
But if Boners babes doe thinke that I lie,  
Then let them go shither the truth so<sup>r</sup> to tri.

¶ The ende of the Rewarde of VVickednesse.

30 *Retourning from Plutos Kingdome, To*  
Noble *Helicon*: The place of Infinite  
Joye,

Whan we from Plutos Pallacie came, and bewed had this woe,  
(Quod Morpheus) yet I haue a walke, a litle waye to goe.  
For sith I haue take al this paine, the doleful place to see,  
My friendes shall knowe of my affayres, for that I am so nye.  
This viage hight I long a goe, performde my promise is,  
As thou thy selfe who eare demaunde, shal wittnesse bie of this.  
My Ladies lookte for me long since, some vacouth newes to heare,  
And howe in Scigion flames they sped, that living, wicked were.  
Therefore it standes me much vpon, my promise to performe,  
For that vnto these wo: by Dames, so firmly I haue swoorne.  
It nothing doth behoure (quoth he) with them to batke or blouke,  
For why they doe from mighty Gods, descende of sacred stocke.  
Of Mercurie the onely sayde Mineruas dearsinges deere,  
Whose mightie Spuse, and learned skill, had never yet theyre peer.  
In Helicon their dwelling is, with Cytheron full bye,  
Pernassus for theyre pleasure haue, when they thereto agrée.  
And loe, where (Helicon) appeares of truth a princely place,  
Wher thou and I, these Ladies with, must commen face to face.  
At which mine eyes I listed vp: The soore sayde place I see,  
Whiche was me thought so passing fine, as never thing might bee.  
The Redrose, and the Rosemary, I muroned this Hill,  
In euerye noke the Olyflower, him selfe presented styll.  
The comely Bancks with Dayles deckt, and Primrose out of clie,  
The Violets and Cowslops sweete, abought in sight I spye.  
With other Heales that pleasantt were, which did me god to see,  
Whose fragrant smels perfume the ayre, y from this place doth flie,  
The Thrushel and the Nightingale, with Muske sweete they pipe,  
So pleasantlye the Gods them selues to heare would much delite.  
Loe, here doth yield the Cristal Spynings, theyre trickling fluer floods,  
And there Doin гарнет Tra: with fruite, to earth doth veile his buds,  
The Filbeard in another place, as brownne as Beryes bode,  
Cistones I spye the Orange heng, with Quince and many moe.

What

## At Helicon.

What wall that wanted there (nothing) that might desite the minde,  
But he that lookte (in every place) the same should present finde.  
In triple wise the Arbour's cast, Imade of sweetest Briar,  
Mirt with the Vaine, that up and downe the ripest grape doth beare.  
Of Bore are Turrets dubbed round, & staynes by arte wel wrought.  
Ascende into the tops thereof, as fine as maye bee thought.  
Wherin these Ladies ofte doe sit, this Joyfull sight to be we.  
For there they maye asarre, beholde what strangers come a newe.  
And when we haue pursoe this place, of highe and mightye same,  
In herte of al these Turret tops, we spied a noble Dame,  
Adorned and deckte, in comely raye, and seemely to beholde,  
Hir face was like an Angel bright, whose hayre that stende the gold,  
Not curld and frizulde her browes about, but combde in order fayre,  
And on her head of Laurcl made, a garlante which shre ware.  
No doole Russes about her necke, no garded Gowne ware shre,  
Nor on her handes that stende the snow, no ringes there were to six.  
Hir eyes stode stedfast in her head, they whirde not here and there,  
Nor in her face you could espye, ought else but grace appeare.  
A comely Gowne shre had byon, of colour sad and sage,  
As best became a worthy Dame, presenting middle age.  
To whome we dñe in al the hast, our reverence for to use,  
Whom when shre saw, first word shre said, welcome (quoth shre) what  
But further or I do procede, her name I shal describe, (newes)  
And in what order that I see, her Sisters in that tide.  
Melpomina, this Ladye bight, the eldest of the nine,  
That there among her Sisters late, within that Turret grene.  
And energe Ladye with a Boke, in studie late full fast,  
And reading of the worthy actes, that had bee done and past.  
The workes of Poets all they had, and scanning thare they were,  
Who was best worthy in his time, a Poets name to beare.  
And Instruments in every nowke, these noble Ladies had.  
To recreate they spules with, and for to make them glad.  
And energe one appareyld like, whose face like starres did shine.  
Respondent to Melpomina. In gracious giftes diuine.  
Among them were no wanton songs, nor Bacchus banquets songt,  
Nor neime device of prancking pride, nor signe of euill thought.  
There was no care to purchase lande, nor flassing of the paue,  
Nor renting houses out of crye, nor hoarding for a stoe.

There

## At Helicon.

There was no straing for such pelse, as worldinges nowe delite,  
Tom Tellale could not there bee found, that woeketh al the spites.  
Nor Peter Pickthanche beare no swaye, for all his crasyre fatche,  
The Baillife Laurence Lurcher, there hath nothing for to catche.  
There is no Tyrant there, that spoiles nor doth y pouse man wronng,  
Nor taking in of Commons is, within that circuite long.  
One sakes not there anotheris blood, his livinges to obtaine,  
Nor psonie hate, nor open wraph, among them doth remaine.  
Hypocrisie doth take no place, among these woxthre Dames,  
Of any Crime it is not heard, that one another blames.  
The ruggie blast of Boreas mouth, at no tyme taketh place,  
There Ver, and Flora, both do shew their gorgious face.  
Nor Zephyrus doth shake no branche, within that sacred Hill,  
But every thing in sozmer state, always continueth still.  
Nor Hiemps hath no power there, the slakye knowe to cast,  
There is nothing that taketh taste, of cruell Winters blast.  
And as I sayde ere while, howe that we did these Ladies spie,  
(So what we sayd) and they to vs, Ile tell you by and by.  
When we in order found them thus: Halls Ladie Morpheus sayde,  
With Capin hande I bawle to earth: (They had mite hele my heade)  
(And welcom Morpheus) one and all, they sayde reiosinglis, (the)  
Wher hast thou bene so long (¶ they) what newes hast brougthe with  
What newes (¶ Morphe) newes yngough, aread it whence I cam,  
I haue performde my promise made, as ought an honest man,  
You did request and I agrēde to be we bille Stigion lakes,  
And to peruse with wicked sorte, what order Pluto takes.  
And how they are rewarded there, it was your willes to know,  
That did delite in euill actes to woekye pouse people woe.  
(Quoth they that's true) & were you there: I came from thence (¶ he)  
Then all at once they gave him thankes, as glad as they might bee,  
With modest words tell vs (¶ they) what sightes that you haue seene  
For thankes is all you get of vs, to quite your toyld paine.  
But what we can or may be boulde, that honest fames to bee,  
(To pleasure you) in any wise, we shall thereto agrē.  
But speake, tell on, lets lose no tyme (quoth one) we thinke it long,  
Begin good Morpheus (quoth the rest) and we will holde our congre,  
So Morpheus streight began his tale, and boulde them bothe that bee,  
Among a Masque of merye mates, by chaunce did light on me.

And

## At Helicon.

And howe we past from ward to ward, & what was done and sayde,  
And when we came to Plutos place, among them howe we sped.  
And whome we saw, and what they did, & what they sayinges was,  
Correspontent to the truely described, moe and les.  
But when he tolde them of the Pope, that Alexander hight,  
And of the seruice that they sang, and usyd day and nighte:  
And what relaxt of shanelings he, had with him evry houre,  
The Ladys all on Laughing fell, yea, rounde about the Tower.  
Yet wofull so; the rest they were, because they wanted grace,  
For very zeale these worthy Dames, in teares did washe theys face.  
Where at when Morpheus did behold, these Ladies woful cheare,  
(Quod he) if I had thought on this, I would not haue come heare.  
But cease your dolour yet a while, your listning eares lende me,  
And wipe away those plainting teares, which græueth me to see.  
For certe I haue, of woefulness and dyfulte desyng tolde,  
Of pleasant Pageantes Ile reharse, & Triumphs many soide.  
In wandring vp and downe the bale, to see these vglye fightes,  
About the place where Pluto lage, we sawe great Lampes & lights:  
With Pageants playd, and Tragedies, & noise of Trumpets sound.  
Yea, Bonfires blasde, with thumping guns, that shooke the trembling  
Whiche when we hard, & did hould, we hasted fast to know, (graud.  
What was the cause, wherfore or why, those trumpets gan to blow.  
And comming to the Pallaice Gates, we neede not craue them wby,  
For Boner comes with open Iawe, both yong and olde gan crye.  
So Morpheus set the Tale an ende, and as I sayde of late,  
One so as Boner welcomde was, at large discribe the state.  
Where at the Ladys every one, with comely smiling cheare,  
Laide by their Bookes, & laught ful fast, those newes of him to heare  
A ha (quoth they) is Boner there? Thats Plutos Butcher bolde.  
It's Plutos parte to welcome him, for seruice done of olde.  
And reason gud another saide, deserues must needes bee quit,  
And so they are I doe perce yue, by you in Plutos pit.  
Some scote & sayd, he went so; soules, that long in Stigion dwelte.  
And other some to preache and teache, a great opinion helde.  
But in the fine a thousand thankes, they yalded Morpheus there:  
(And sayde) they wold deserue his paines, if able that they were,  
And yong man (quoth Melposmia) sith thou hast taken paine,  
We doe confesse so; recompence, thy debtors to remaine.

## At Helicon.

But muche I wonder howe thy wittie did serue these flights to see,  
Say maruaile not (quoth Morpheus then) al wile he was with me.  
But otherwyle in dede (not he) nor any mortall man,  
That could or might at any time, Phlegetons fiers scan. (mode:  
Thats true, but what's his name (quoth one) bee loikes with musing  
He is (quoth Morpheus) towards you al, and sprong of Robins blood,  
Whose painefull pen hath aye beene prest, so to advance this place,  
As at these dayes, his aces full well, shal witnesse to your gracie.  
And certainelye his chirping tonge, delites to batake no truthe,  
But plaine song partes each where dolsing, as well to age as youth.  
Thereforo sith I had promise made, this blye place to see,  
Hé thought a fitter man to take, I could not finde then her.  
(Quoth Vranye) with seemely loikes, God sir yé saye full tru.  
For had you not some bodye take, no man had knowne but you.  
And thē your labo; had beene lost, which now great thanks doth cranc.  
Nor the reward had beene knownen, that wicked people haue.  
And sith you light upon our friende, ten times the gladder we.  
To warning of the rest we truss, these newes in Print to see.  
And with these wordes they take their booke, sith Turret straight dis-  
With one accord they charge me al, to hast y this were pend. (cend;  
In verse (quoth Clio) pithilye according to your Dreame.  
We charge you that to al the wrold, your pen doe straight proclame,  
And the Rewarde of wickednesse your booke shall haue to name,  
No better title can beē founde to grā unto the same.  
But when I hard these wordes in dede, so full of care I was, (pas.  
That when I shold haue auns were made, no word from me could  
My wits were wass, my sence was fled, and stil I stode amasde,  
Like Hart befoze the Hounde afront, or Bird in pitfall dasde.  
And what to say I readles was, they gaue so straight a charge,  
Yet at a venture by and by, these wordes I spake at large.  
Madames (quoth I) my willing mind aye alwaies yours hath beene,  
Although the grossenesse of my head, deseru'd no praise to winne.  
And moe then twentye times ashame, assorelye I am,  
That any of my barrs wookes, your learned eyes shoulde scan.  
Apollos prudent worthe skill, nor Pallas astine seates,  
(I never knew) to promise this, how shall I pay my debtes?  
My sillie eares Minervas booye could neaer understande,  
Alas god Ladies woulde you I shoulde take this woake in handee

## At Helicon.

If Caliope rule my pen, and bid thereto agrē,  
Then shoulde you well and easie spile at all no fault in me.  
And sith as yet I never fasse, your milke of sacred brest,  
I doe beseeche you euerie one, forget your last request,  
And place some other in my stede, this wo:ke in hande to take,  
And so you shall your little Birde a chearefull Robin make.  
And otherwyse when all is done, soz to acquite my paines,  
With losse of all my labour I shall purchas Cherils gaines.  
What, will you so (quoth one in dede,) by this what doe you meane?  
Who might for shame denie vs all to take so mickle paine?  
What nede you to aleadge such doubts, you are to blame (quoth the)  
Who want you to assist you with, when we thus friendelle bē?  
And are we not both some and all, soz to erect the same?  
Who ever yet tooke paine for vs, but wan immortall Fame?  
And then shē helde me fast with hand, come Sisters then (quoth shē)  
Come bring your keyes vndoe your lockes, & let this younge man (ie  
How we exalte the studious so:te, whose paynefull hande and quill,  
Is apt at any time to yelde their fruites vnto this hill.  
I hearing this, vndē one wō:de, durst saye but helde me still,  
And countnaunce made as if I woulde consent vnto their will,  
And so they brought vs to the place, that all the rest exēdes,  
Tentimes as much as in sweete May, the Cowslops stinking wāde.  
And meete vpon the mountaine toppe, bolt vp into the skies,  
This noble place of endelesse fame, most curiously doth ryse,  
Whose Turrets herē & there doe shōwe the cuning wo:kmans shill,  
That first by art that stately place began on sacred hill.  
Epowdered were the Wallēs abzōade, with stones of Onix knē,  
The rest was Chryall, finely wrought, that like the Orient shinde,  
Wete square it was on every side, as could bee thought in minde,  
Set out with Phanes, that here and there, lie in vp & downe the wind.  
No dōzēs but one, where on was set, nine lockes made for hōnes,  
Of finest Golde, with curioust workes, oucht rounde with precions  
And every Sister had a key, respondent to the same, (Gones.  
Which by the vse of Custome ould, did know theyz antient name,  
To which eache Sister put her keye, abzōade the Gates were cast,  
They had me come and there beholde, my Querdon due at last.  
And as we passed through the Court, the plesaunt hōse to beholde,  
Amid the same I did espie, a Lauell where it grewe.

## At Helicon.

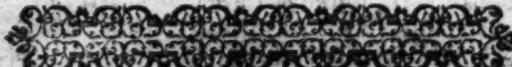
Wherin a thousande Wires I thinke, or me with sweete lie boyces,  
Da evry spay the littleones lit, and gladsomelie relouye.  
Upon echs Laurell twigge there hange, the pennes of euerie one,  
Whose painefull bandes their learned Spuse, declared long agone.  
And gran'd in gold was eche mans name, & what their trauels were  
For monumentes tacquite their paines, shall hang for ever there.  
Thus when we had behelde at will the fashion of this tree,  
These Ladies bid vs yet abide a greater sight to see.  
And then they brought vs to a place, where all the Poetes bee,  
In Pictures dia wne by cunning arte, eache man in his degré.  
And as their trauels did appere, to challenge praysle or fame,  
Cuen so eache one exalted was according to the same.  
Among a number some I knewe, whose woxkes full oft I reade,  
That picturde were in luelie forme, as they had not bee ne deade.  
The first of all, olde Homer late with visage sage and sad,  
Upon his head of Laurell made, a triple garlante had.  
Then Virgill as their order is, with wan and paled looks,  
Was placed in a comelie seat, of eyther side his bookes.  
Ouid nexto Virgill late, as leane as hee might bee,  
Whose musing mode in all respectes, did with the same agre.  
And Chawcer so; his merie tales, was well estémed there,  
And on his head as well ought best, a Lantrell garland were.  
All these I knewe and many moe, that were to long to name,  
That for their trauels were rewarde, so; enermore with Fame.  
And looking rounde about that house, to see and if I might  
Bychaunce of any countrey men of mine to haue a sight:  
At length I was espide there of Skelton and Lydgat,  
VVager, Heywood, and Barnabe Googe, all these togither late.  
With diuers other English men, whose names I will omit,  
That in that place enioye the like, of whome I speake not yet.  
And mæte behinde the doore I sawe a place where Cherill late,  
Arte there thought I unto my selfe, I am like to be thy mate.  
By then we had behelde all this, the night was almost gones,  
Therefore Ile take my leave of you (quoth Morphew) every one,  
Thers no remedie but depart, this youngman must away,  
Beholde where Ex shewes his face, and doth disclose the daye.  
With al our hearts these Ladies say: & thanks we thousands givie,  
And what we may god Morphew doe, its yours eue while we live.  
With

Which beyled knē unto the grounde, my leue of them I tooke,  
 Whō gentle ye bid me all farewell, and charge me with the booke.  
 And god soong man (quoth they) take paines these few newes to pen,  
 So that you earne greate thankes of us, and of all Englishe men.  
 And so our ayde bee sure of it, gaunſte Zoilus and his whelpes,  
 So to defend thy Booke and that, wee promise heare our helpe .  
 Loe heare you ſe, howe we acquire our ſervantes at the laſt,  
 Wee cauſe them lie, when cruell death hath take the bitall blaſt.  
 And here a place we will prepare, for the among theſe men,  
 That haue immortall glorie wonne, by painefulnesſe of pen.  
 At which moſt courteouſly, I crande, and baileſt with my knē,  
 And ſayde godd Ladies call againe, this charge if it maye bee .  
 Commit it to ſome other man, that hath much better ſkill,  
 And better knowldh an hundreth times, to ſcale your learned Hill.  
 Your Honours haue in Th' innes of Court, a ſort of Gentlemen,  
 That ſine would ſit your whole intentes, with ſtately ſtyle to pen.  
 Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take, that William hath to name,  
 This pieſe of woſke in hande, that bee moze ſitter for the ſame.  
 But when they hard me ſpeakē theſe woſds, they were offed ſo ſore,  
 Wee ſayde loke to thy charge (quoth they) and let vs heare no moze .  
 And then they whyzed to the Gate, away they vaniſht ſtraight,  
 Which when we ſaw we therewithall descended downe the hight.  
 So Morpheus brought me home againe, frō whence I came before,  
 And haue me ſayde me downe and ſleepe, for I had traueyld ſo ſore.  
 But loke (quoth he) unto thy charge: as thou wilt anſwer me make,  
 For get nothing that thou haſt ſene, in flaming Stigion Lake.  
 And then hee tooke his leue and went, no moze I might him ſee,  
 But with this traualle out of hande, full ſore he charged me .  
 And as a man whose ſillie ſpryghtes, had wandered all the night,  
 So in a ſlumber waked I, and by I gat me right,  
 And cauſed for the morie mates in th' evening that were there,  
 I meruell where they bee (quoth I) another anſwerd here .  
 Alas it was a death to ſee their loikes ſo deade and pale,  
 And how both purſe, & heade of witte, were ſaſte and ſpoilde with ale.  
 Some Gaged Daggers, ſome their Coaſts, when al was gone & ſpent  
 The Ale wife ſhe wouſh needes bee paide, beſore that any went.  
 Some had ſurlette, ſome tooke colde, and ſome ſo ſleepe were loſt,  
 (What tho) whē pieſe were out of purſe, be gon ſtraight criue my holl.

And lende his Ceskes by Crosseleke lane, and little luttame home,  
They neede not doubt the therke byth way for Honey had they none.  
Yet ouernight her that had seyne, the carping of mine Host.  
Howe welcume were his newcome Ceskes, & howe the Courte could  
Of this and that, and fill the Pots, laye Apples in the fire, (bowl  
And nowe Ile drinke unto you all, thus cryed the Aple squire.  
Come Kate, goe Wife, fill bowle againe: Ioane luke unto the dorre,  
Pipe Minstrum, make vs Purth a while, God sendeth al men Rose:  
That like the Cyrents song, my Host playde Synons parte,  
And made them lende they; listening eares unto his guilesfull arte.  
To every Feast her biddes a Gest, fetch drinke god Dame saith her,  
And make this Gentleman some Chere, yare welcome sir saith she.  
And thus they bid you to the Ross, and herte of all shall sit:  
But o; you part, I hold a crowne, theyle beate you with the spit.  
I sound the yz fetch, no force thought I, sith you such Cutthotes be,  
No more then nede, o; force compels, no groate you get of me.  
And there withall my Hostesse calde: I payde and got me thence,  
No fauour there was to her had, but for the little pence.  
And then I calde my Dreams to mind, whereat straight way I went,  
To put in vse the promise made, The time in Judge spent.  
Tyll I had made a fynall ende, of this my little Booke,  
To haule the same to Printers handes, al traualles els forsooke.  
What thankes therefore I shall deserue, God knowth so doe not I.  
But as my meaning is herein, let Fame proclame and crye.  
(Wher as her maye)ple take my chaunce, as hap shal cast the Dice,  
With once I knowe yet bytherto, my traualle paide the Price.

FINIS.

Quoth. R. Robinson.



50 Imprinted at London in Pawles  
Churche Yarde, by William  
Williamson.

